The Outlook

Volume 139 January 21, 1925 Number 3

Governor Davis Accused of Crime

JONATHAN M. DAVIS, retiring Democratic Governor of Kansas and one of the candidates for the Presidency voted for in the Madison Square Garden Convention, was arrested on the day of his retiral from office on the charge of bribe-taking. He declared his innocence before a large audience at Topeka, and he is entitled to forbearance from public condemnation until he has been tried.

The charge is based on evidence that Governor Davis's son, Russell Davis, received the sum of $1,250 from one Fred Pollman, a penitentiary convict on parole, giving in return a promise that the Governor would grant Pollman a full pardon. It is asserted that Governor Davis was a party to the agreement.

Apart from this criminal charge there has been angry public comment on what is claimed to be Governor Davis's abuse of the pardoning power. In retort he asserts that a comparison of his record in this respect with the records of Governor Allen and Governor Capper will show that he pardoned fewer men than either, and he makes the intimation that an outgoing Governor is expected to use the pardoning power freely—a bad practice if it is a practice.

We commented two weeks ago on Governor Davis's attempt to remove from office the Chancellor of the Kansas University without a hearing, as an attempt to use the State University for party politics. Mr. Davis was defeated as a Democratic candidate for the Governorship by Ben S. Paulen, a Republican, who has now been inaugurated. The not at all creditable purpose of Governor Davis in the University affair was apparently to embarrass and annoy his successor.

The Return of the Exiles

THE state of political party chaos that existed in Rhode Island for many months was practically ended by the sweeping Republican victory of November. Now, in his inaugural address on January 6, Governor Pothier, by his recommendation of such measures as the abolition of the property qualification for voters in cities, the appointment of a commission to study redistricting for the State Senate, and the popular election of sheriffs, gives proof that a reasonable degree of reform in popular representation will be considered by the dominant party.

This is a wise political attitude. At present there is an absurd inconsistency between the representation of small towns and rural districts, when they are compared as to population with the great cities. At the same time it is true that the numerical question is not the only thing to be considered, and that the two big cities of the State should not be allowed to overpower or neglect the interests of the non-urban population. The welfare of the whole people should prevail; factious party strife should be relegated to the background.

(C) Underwood

Charles Beecher Warren, appointed U. S. Attorney-General by President Coolidge

Thirteen of the twenty-one Republican Senators who "exiled" themselves last June were re-elected to the Senate in November. The Republican majority in the Senate is now 17; in the lower house, 34. Evidently there is no likelihood that the Democratic filibuster of 1924 will be repeated.

The New Attorney-General

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S appointment of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney-General to succeed Harlan Fiske Stone augurs well for the quality of material out of which the Cabinet will be constructed for the next four years.

Mr. Warren has had the confidence of three successive Presidents, and has served all of them well. Indeed, for twenty years he has served his Government in important capacities, and always with success. He conducted two important negotiations with Great Britain. As Ambassador to Japan during the period of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Naval Armaments he displayed unusual tact and ability. He helped to compound our difficulties with Mexico and served successfully as our first Ambassador after diplomatic relations were resumed.

Mr. Warren's somewhat wide experience in diplomacy does not detract from his ability as a lawyer. He has been engaged actively and ably in the practice of his profession when not performing public service. Much of that public service was legal rather than diplomatic. He is not, in the usual sense, a politician. The positions he has held have sought him. He has never been an office-seeker.

There are good reasons for expecting that Mr. Warren will make in the office of Attorney-General a record comparable with those of the ablest men who have filled it.

The Case of the Voltaire

BEFORE his resignation as Attorney-General, Mr. Stone made a ruling in the Voltaire case which is based on the historic coastwise law prohibiting foreign flagships from engaging in American coastwise trade. The Voltaire, a ship of the English Lamport & Holt Line, is held to have violated "both the letter and spirit of these statutes."

The Collector of Customs at Boston, on July 11 last year, imposed a fine of $111,000, or $200 per passenger, upon the Voltaire for carrying a party of Elks from Philadelphia to the annual Con-

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vention in Boston. The owners contended that the trip was not coastwise, but international, and therefore not in violation of law. Tickets were sold, not to Boston, but to St. John's, Newfoundland. This is the basis of the owners' contention that the trip was overseas and not coastwise. The Attorney-General holds, however, that the trip would not have been considered by the passengers but for the fact that they were to be landed at Boston for the Convention, that this was the real purpose of the trip, and the subsequent sailing to St. John's an incident.

It appears that a number of the passengers left the ship at Boston, without making the Newfoundland trip, and returned to Philadelphia by rail. While holding that the taking of all passengers for such a trip was in violation of law, the Attorney-General recommends that the fine be reduced to cover only such passengers as did not complete the trip to Newfoundland but returned home from Boston. This would have the effect of reducing the fine from $111,000 to $4,000. American marine interests, gratified in the main with the ruling, are dissatisfied with this phase of it, and there is talk of legal proceedings to prevent its consummation.

A Queer Vote of Confidence

AGAIN the cry of "Coolidge or chaos" was raised, and again Coolidge received a vote of confidence. But the margin of safety was so narrow that a single man—and he a Democrat—could have changed it to a vote of disapproval. And that despite the fact that the President needed only one vote more than one-third of the votes cast in order to achieve a victory.

The Postal Salaries Bill came on in the Senate for action on the motion to pass it over the President's veto, exercised toward the close of the session which ended last June. A great deal more than higher salaries for postal employees had become involved. The Administration had made no secret of the fact that it very much wished the veto sustained. It was said that Republican discipline would be shattered if the bill passed. The leadership of the President was undergoing its first test since election—and the leadership of the President not only, but of Senator Curtis, who became the Republican leader of the Senate after the death of Lodge. Chaos was said to be waiting around the corner, ready to swarm over the Capitol if Coolidge were overridden.

The vote was fifty-five in favor of overriding the President's veto to twenty-nine against. A lone Democrat, Dial, of South Carolina, voted with twenty-eight Republicans to sustain the President. All the other Democrats present and twenty-one Republicans voted to pass the bill over the President's veto. If Dial had voted with his party, there would have been exactly the two-thirds necessary to override a veto.

Despite the President's narrow victory, the postal pay fight is not yet over. The bitterest part of it may be still ahead. The increase of salaries is written into the Postal Rates Bill, which is paraded as an Administration measure, and which is scheduled to come up for action later in the session.

Inward Pains in the Parties

THE disposition of the Postal Salaries Bill by the sustaining of the President's veto appeared to serve as a tocsin of intestine war. A hot battle within the Republican ranks and one even hotter within the Democratic ranks followed hard upon the taking of the vote.

Senator Ladd, of North Dakota, who was read out of the party at the beginning of the session, arose to make defense of himself and other "insurgents." Senator Edge, of New Jersey, one of the authors of the Postal Salaries Bill and the leader in excommunicating the insurgents, defended the action of the caucus. Senator Borah, who was not excommunicated, demanded a definition of party loyalty. Senator Edge said that support of the candidate for President constituted one test. And Borah retorted by asking if the Senator meant to say that supporting the candidate before election only to betray him after election was party loyalty.

Chaos, after all, came around the corner and muddled things up mightily for a little while. But the Coolidge victory stands and the Republican forces are still under control.

On the Democratic side, Dial came in for chastisement—not ostensibly for having voted to sustain the President's veto, but for making a speech criticising the Democratic Party and charging individual Democrats with disloyalty to principle. Finally he arose and asked permission to withdraw certain portions of the speech. Under pressure from his colleague, Senator Smith, and the Democratic leader, Senator Robinson, he withdrew the entire speech before he sat down. The Democratic forces also are still under control, though at least four factional fights have occurred since Congress reconvened after the holidays.

The Senate Navigating the Shoals

ANOTHER victory for Coolidge was won in the passage by the Senate, in committee of the whole house, of the Underwood Muscle Shoals Bill. This, indeed, was a several-sided victory. It was decidedly a triumph for Senator Underwood, in whose State the Shoals are situated. His plan for operation of the great plant had bitter and, as it appeared at times, vindictive opposition. Charges—groundless, as fair-minded men generally admit—were made of efforts to turn the property over to unworthy interests. Senator Underwood successfully refuted the charges and convinced a substantial majority of Senators that his plan was the best yet offered for operation of the largest single property owned by the Federal Government.

Most of all, perhaps, the passage of the Underwood Bill in committee of the whole was a victory for that group of men who all along have insisted that Muscle Shoals must be regarded primarily as a nitrogen fixation plant and not as a plant for generating commercial power. The Underwood Bill appears to be genuinely a nitrates bill, and not, except in an incidental sense, a power bill. The purpose of the plants under this bill will be to insure the Nation an adequate supply of nitrates for explosives in case of war, but it will be used steadily and at capacity for the manufacture of nitrates for fertilizers instead of being maintained in an idle or so-called "stand-by" condition.

Finally, the Underwood Bill is a victory for those who believe that the Federal Government should not engage in the operation of industrial plants in competition with private industry. Under the terms of the bill, the plant will be leased to private operators if this can be done before September 1 of this year. If no suitable lessee can be found by that time, the Government will undertake operation. The Underwood Bill supplanted the Norris Government Operation Bill. The majority of 48 to 37 was a surprise even to the leaders of the fight for the Underwood plan. An extremely close vote had been expected.

The bill has not yet, properly speak-

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Why sweat they under burdens?

(Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1)

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

Is it coming to this?

From Finley Byars, Calhoun City, Mississippi

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

The States refuse to let Uncle Sam solve the child labor problem

Reid for the Bell Syndicate

SAY! HOW YOU TINK I HAUL THEES LOAD YOU — MULE !!
FRENCH WAR OBLIGATIONS
FRANCE
FRENCH INTEGRITY
GERMAN EVASION OF PEACE TREATY
FOUR LETTER WORD ENDING WITH EXCLAMATION POINT
Albert T. Reid

(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

Stalled

Kirby in the New York World

"MY Country!"

From Max Teacher, Attleboro, Massachusetts

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ing, passed the Senate. It is still before that body, subject to amendment. There is still no certainty that it will become a law at this session or, for that matter, at all. A proposition by Senator Jones, of Washington, for a commission of Senators and Representatives to make a complete investigation of Muscle Shoals between now and the next session is receiving serious consideration. Many members of both houses believe that Congress does not yet understand the details of this tremendous power source sufficiently well to legislate concerning it. The Jones proposition is called an amendment, but, as it would postpone any definite action until the next session of Congress, there would be difficulty in adjusting it to the terms of the Underwood Bill.

Even if the Underwood Bill is given the necessary final approval in the Senate, difficult and extensive adjustments will remain to be made with the House bill which passed at the last session. The House bill was intended as an acceptance of the Ford offer, which has since been withdrawn. The Underwood Bill in its main features is similar to the House bill, but details of the two are widely different.

Despite all these difficulties, there is a feeling in official Washington that the Muscle Shoals fight is practically ended, that a definite decision has been reached as to the general policy of operating the property, and that, as one man expressed it, "this question will be no longer upon every occasion dragged across the front steps of the White House."

Birds, Water, and the Federal Power

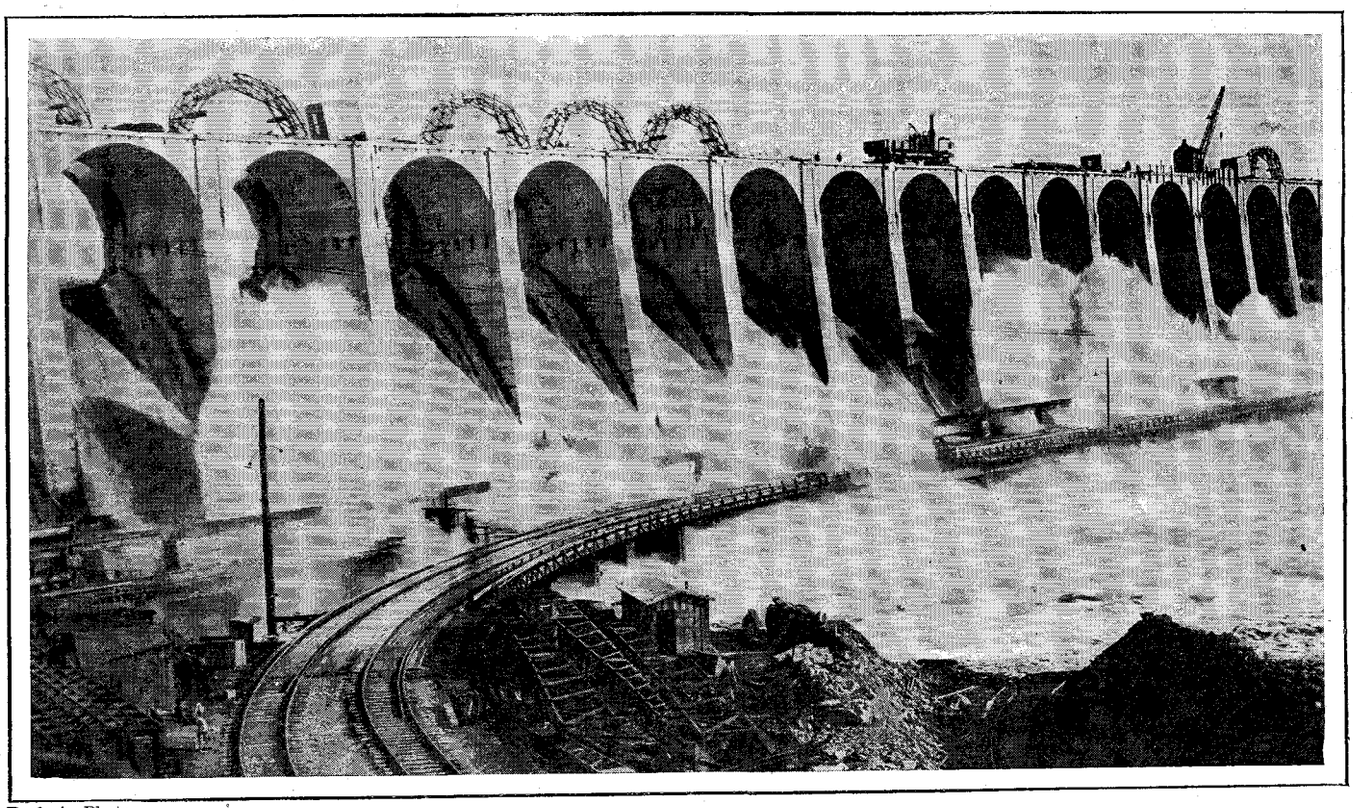
CONGRESS has before it a bill to extend to inland navigable waters the Oil Pollution Act of 1924. Argument is no longer needed concerning the fact that mineral oil and tarry wastes poured into tributary streams are a menace to all kinds of life.

The discussion of the Oil Pollution Act signed by the President last June made clear the fact that the Federal jurisdiction over this problem of pollution was limited to the protection of migratory birds under the terms of the 1918 treaty with Canada, and to the regulation and removal of obstructions and impediments to navigation. The present Pollution Bill covers these two points, and these only.

There is a legitimate desire on the part of the country to avoid any further overextension of the powers of the Federal Government, but it is clear that the present bill does not go beyond the rights of the Federal Government as they now exist.

Wild fowl are being killed in large numbers by oil, starving to death as a result of the substances that accumulate on their feathers, so that they are unable to fly or feed. Waste oil is accumulating on navigable waters to a degree which constitutes a serious fire menace to vessels and "other instruments of navigation."

The passage of the Oil Pollution Act will represent a great step forward in the protection of migratory birds. This protection should be further provided by the passage of the Migratory Bird Refuge Bill, which makes it practicable to secure breeding, resting, and feeding places essential to the passage of birds along the lines of their migration. The spread of human population causes birds at present to mass in special localities, which ought to be withdrawn from private possession and put to public use. Means for providing this protection is to be provided by a tax upon hunters instead of an increase in State or Federal budgets. Hunters will have a more than adequate return for the dollar tax which they will pay through the increase in the quantity of game and through the creation of public hunting-grounds which they can use even if their purses are not filled to overflowing. The present growth in the system of private preserves is one which bids fair to make it impossible for the average man to secure the outdoor recreation which has been so peculiarly an American institution. The bill will help to maintain a permanent bird population and extend the benefits of the existence of such a population to the greatest possible number of people.



P. & A. Photos

The great spillway of the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama

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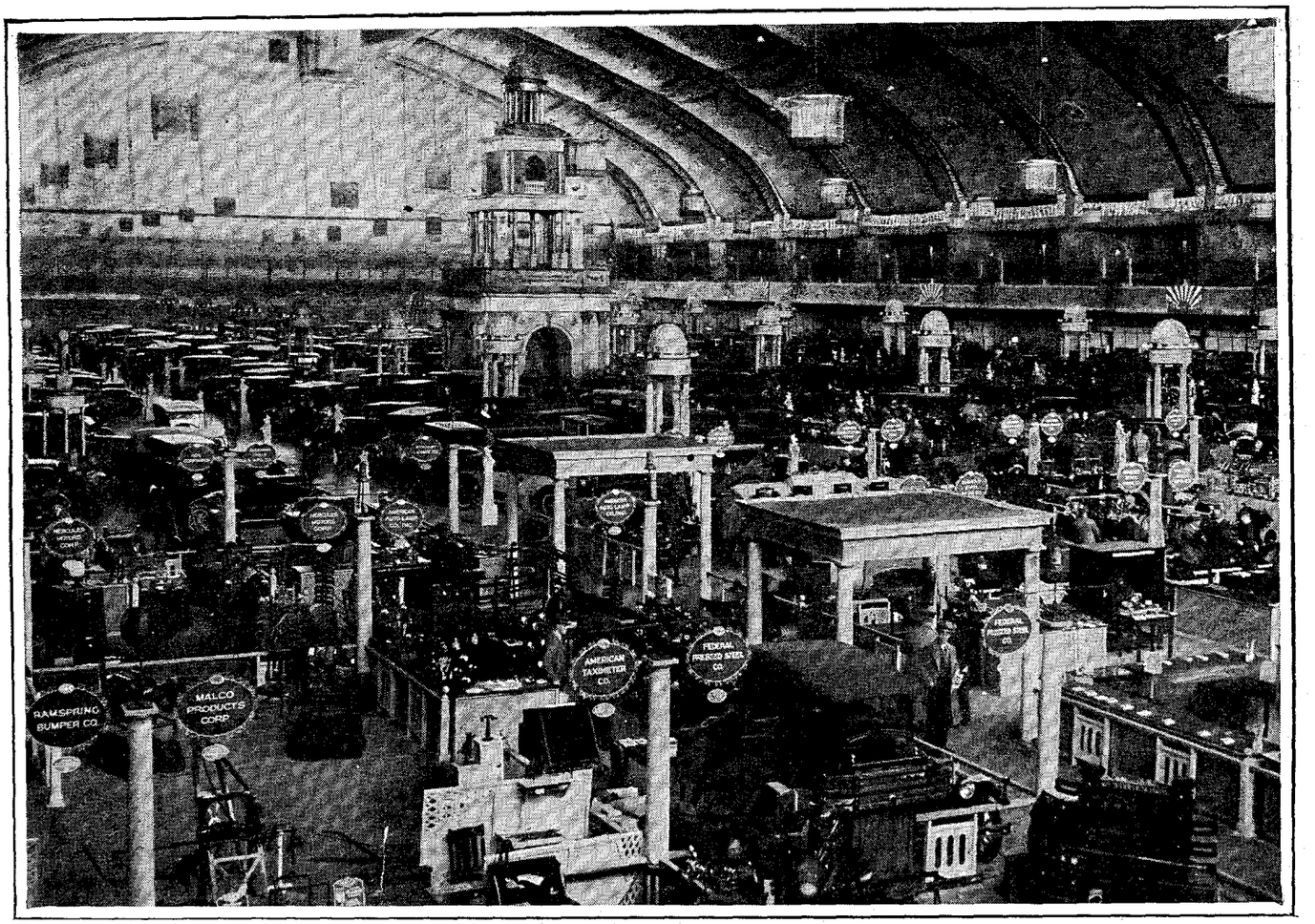

Wide World Photos

The Silver Jubilee Automobile Show in New York City—in center, tower embodying features of the Pharos of Alexandria

He Who Runs Invites Us to Read

FINLAND can balance its Budget, a rare spectacle on the European Continent, and for this achievement gets a brief three-line notice in the average American journal. The duly accredited representatives of that country—which is building the organization of its Government on a sure and sane foundation of democratic achievement—can come and go without a single headline.

There is a Finnish ambassador in this country, however, who can awaken greater popular interest in his achievements than any European statesman. His credentials are his tireless legs and his unconquerable heart and lungs. We refer, of course, to Paavo Nurmi, runner extraordinary, gifted by nature with power to defeat all his competitors.

Not satisfied with taking four firsts at the last Olympic Games, he invades America, and in his first competition on an indoor track shaves a second from the mile record and ten full seconds from the five-thousand-meter record. He makes both runs in the same evening, with only an hour and a half between them. Out of courtesy to our visitor and his high courage—such running can be achieved only by clean living and self-denial—let us take down our atlases and our encyclopædias and learn something of the country whence he comes.

P. & A. Photos

Nurmi at the end of a hard run

To paraphrase the query of Cassius, "Upon what meat do such men feed that they are grown so great?" It might be helpful to Americans if they could learn the secret of such success.

The Silver Jubilee of the National Automobile Show

IN the year 1900, when New York's citizens were still accustomed to the hollow clatter, clatter, of a thousand passing hoofs, a few adventuresome automobile enthusiasts bethought themselves to organize and hold what was to be called an automobile show. Horseless carriages of the several makes were to be brought together underneath the arching roof of Madison Square Garden. Could enough of these wheezing vehicles be cornered there to make a show? Would enough people pay down an admission fee simply to come in and look at these modern fliers to make the show a financial success? Here indeed was a bold thought.

The show was held—was a success.

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Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Son

The Fisherman, by George Bellows

People even came from outside the city to see the slicked-up group of speedsters, some of which were advertised to have forty-horse-power engines. Those were the days of the farmer's team and tow-rope, the days of "get-out-and-get-under" and of the goggle and duster. Gone now!

In January of the present year, twenty-five years after the Automobile Club of America sponsored the first motor show, the Silver Jubilee National Automobile Show was held in the same city. Instead of a pathetic little patch of two-cylinder bone-shakers almost lost in the center of a vast floor, those who attended this year's exhibit found the incomparably large armory of the 258th Field Artillery packed from wall to wall, and gallery too, with the displays of some fifty-four motor-car manufacturers.

Has the Perfected Car Arrived?

SLEEK, smooth, and perfect is the strongest impression the visitor carries away after giving an afternoon to the observation of these products of a quarter-century's evolution. The temptation arises to assert that the motor car of 1925 has finally arrived at the top of the hill. What have we not accomplished? The forty horse-power of the shimmying ancestor car was mostly absorbed in overcoming the unnecessary friction of a machine still in the callow stage. To-day, while our stock cars have fifty to one hundred horse-power for reserve needs, fifteen or twenty horse-power suffices to move them on the average country road. In the city, less.

We press a button: light! We step on a rod: motion!—the self-starter. This year a few cars are even equipped with a system that saves us even the effort of braking our car. Is there anything left to perfect? Could any one of them ride in any stock car of 1925, what would be the comments of Benjamin Franklin, or the artist-engineer da Vinci, or Stephenson or Watt or Robert Fulton—men of the keenest interest in all advances mechanical?

Last year after the Automobile Show we chronicled the apparent arrival of two important motor modifications, the four-wheel brake and the balloon tire. During the past twelve months those features have become commonplace. This year the only drift of importance is toward the adoption of the eight-cylinder engine. First we had the one, then the two, the four, the twelve. Many automotive engineers now seem to think the eight-cylinder engine represents the *summum bonum*.

Have we, then, perfected the automobile? A few have said so. It is said that the automobile, in a relative sense, is now stabilized. Comparatively unimportant changes will be made, but the man—or woman—who buys a car to-day may safely conclude that to an extent never before possible the new car will last longer than the cars he—or she—has owned before. This is true not only in a mechanical sense, but in the æsthetic sense, for the outwardness of the motor car seems to be settling down somewhere near a reasonable norm. Like a wobbling top, it is approaching "still motion."

George Bellows

GEORGE BELLOWS made a high adventure of his art. Intensely masculine, vigorous in mind and body, he ranged the field of painting as eagerly as any pioneer searching for the hidden land behind the ranges. Unlike many artists with adventurous spirits, George Bellows did not cut his line of communication with the past. To hear him talk of Jay Hambridges's theory of design was to

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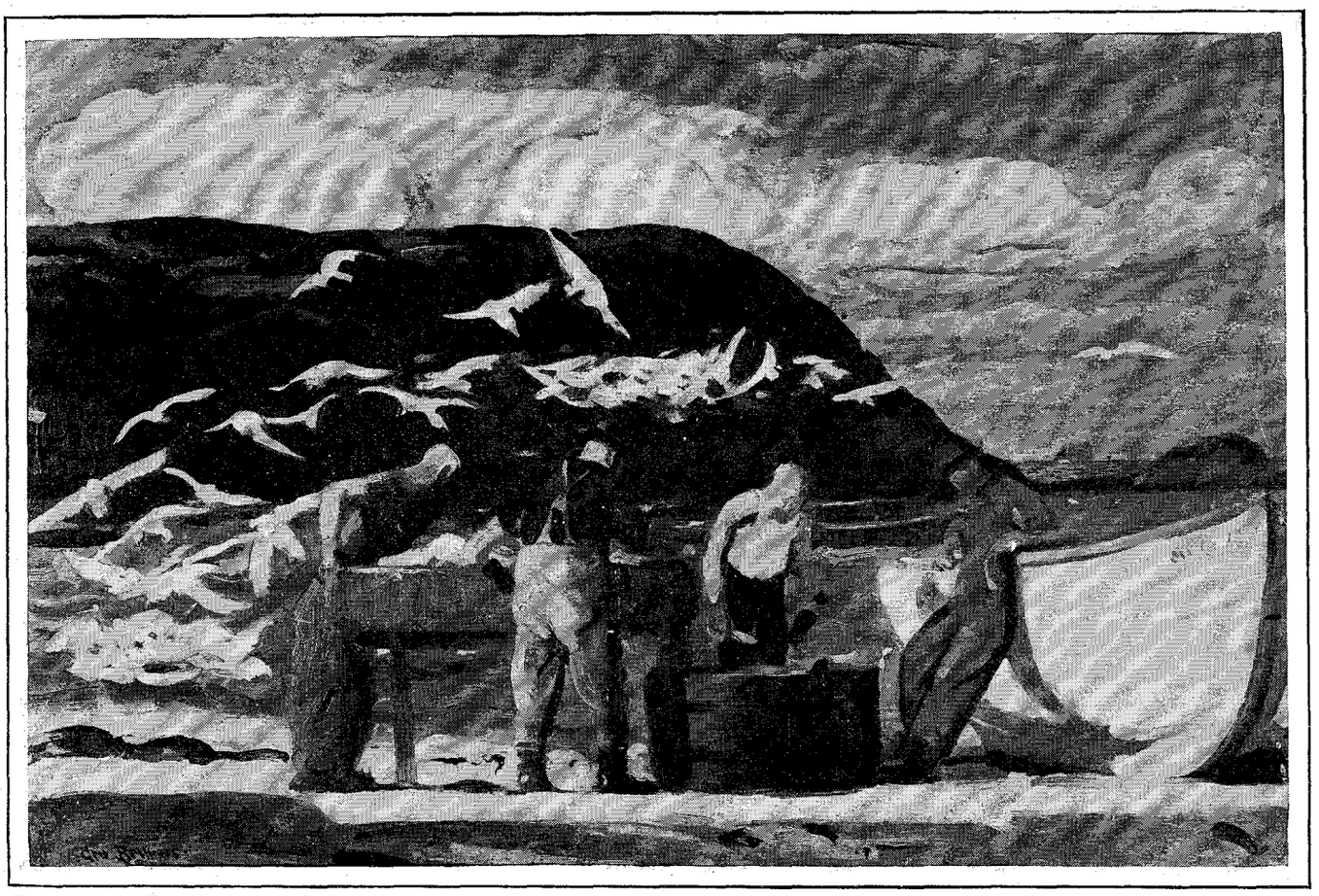

Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Son

Cleaning Fish, by George Bellows

receive a vivid apprehension of his sense that form in art was an eternal principle, however much art might differ in the non-essential elements of its presentation.

From George Bellows's brush came a surprisingly varied product. In circus riders and saints, in the faces of delicate women and of prize-fighters, he found equal opportunities for his brilliant translations of light and shade, color and mass.

At his sudden death at the age of forty-two he had still a world of experiment and experience before him. High as his achievements were, he had by no means reached the culmination of his power. With his death passed one of the most brilliant and original of American painters. His loss will be deeply felt.

The Soviets and the Peasants

THE Russian peasant under Imperial rule had more local independence, more of a voice in village affairs, than he has to-day under the Soviets. At the beginning of Lenine's rule the "proletariat" was limited to industrial workers and soldiers; the peasant who owned his bit of land was classed as a capitalist. Gradually he was accepted as a Communist citizen; but only Communists favored by the Soviets could be nominated for local committees and governmental offices. The peasant was taxed, his land was taken out of his ownership, he had no real representation in national or local affairs.

It is a sign that the Soviet Government knows that sooner or later it must die unless it gets the support of the vast body of peasant citizens that it has now moved toward lessening the limitations on the peasants. It will now graciously allow them to choose their own representatives and there will be fewer Red carpetbaggers sent from the rural communities to Moscow. Hereafter at least thirty per cent of the voters in a community must cast ballots to make a valid election—a sufficient commentary on the nature of rural elections in the past! The peasants are to have also what is described as "greater revolutionary justice" —a phrase which seems to mean a moderate degree of home rule and freedom to cultivate their own lands and to sell their farm produce in their own way.

All this is inconsistent with the basic theory of Bolshevism. The despatches that relate the results of a recent conference between Government officials and peasant committees are probably right in saying that it is plain political opportunism, a swing toward relative conservatism in order to avert revolution.

But democracy will no more mix with Soviet autocracy than oil with water.

An Undevastated Country Gets Reparations

REPARATIONS have never been vital to the United States as, for instance, they are to France. America has no devastated regions to rebuild. She has no industrial reorganization to be financed. Therefore the news that the United States has secured a fairly satisfactory settlement of her war claims cannot thrill this country as a similar announcement about French war claims would thrill France. It is well nevertheless that the Allied Finance Ministers' Conference at Paris has virtually (perhaps by the time this reaches our readers it will have officially) reached an agreement by which America is to receive nearly fourteen million dollars annually to pay for the cost of her Army of Occupation and about eleven million dollars yearly (somewhat more) as her share of reparation payments under the Dawes Plan.

The value of this agreement is at least twofold.

In the first place, it disposes of the

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Igor Stravinsky, at the piano; Wilhelm Furtwängler, another guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Nikisch's successor in Berlin, in background

British contention that, since the United States did not ratify the Versailles Treaty, she had no claim to a share of the reparations as provided by the Dawes Plan. Of course the answer was obvious—that as a belligerent America had claims upon Germany which she could prosecute alone if Britain and the rest preferred to have her do so. Of course they did not prefer to have her do so. So that was that!

In the second place, by this settlement America has a peculiar interest in reparations. It will help our moral sense considerably to have it nurtured by the same process that will fatten, even slightly, our pocketbook.

Stravinsky, Visitor

IGOR STRAVINSKY is, if not the greatest, the most distinguished of living composers. He has taken Richard Strauss's place while Strauss is still alive. If he is not the greatest, it is because there are no composers to-day who can be called great even without the superlative.

To those Americans who have hailed every new work of this Russian as a new venture into unexplored realms of musical art it is thrilling to have him in this country, to see him in the flesh, and to watch him conduct his own compositions. To others all this stir about his visit here will serve mainly as a reminder of the similar stir just about twenty-one years ago when Strauss came to America and conducted his then-considered revolutionary works.

Compared with the cacophony of Strauss, the dissonance in which Stravinsky can indulge is din indeed; but there are others who can make sounds which are far more unpleasant. It is not his ability to torture the ears that gives Stravinsky his distinction. Like Strauss, Stravinsky is a superlative master of instrumentation, but is as different from Strauss in his treatment of the orchestra as 1904 is from 1925. For sheer beauty of orchestral color nothing in music surpasses some of the effects which Stravinsky produces. Indeed, his "Chant du Rossignol" is a series of color displays. In that he is like a salesman of silks—"See the shimmer in this piece of goods! How do you like this mauve? It's old-fashioned, but novel just the same. Did you ever see anything richer than this crimson?" On hearing this, one feels that here is a color card from which musical painters in the future can derive almost endless suggestions for the mixture of their pigments.

Like Strauss and Debussy, Stravinsky can appeal to the naïve by programme music. Indeed, one has a feeling that he has to have an external programme, a story on which to hang his music, in order to give a composition form. Yet he has not avoided absolute music. His Suite from "Pulcinella," which is a sort of free translation of the eighteenth-century composer Pergolesi, is an instance of this. But even this is evidently conceived in fragments. He seems to have no sustained inspirations or large conceptions. In that respect he seems a smaller figure even than Strauss; but he has the advantage of Strauss in never being vulgar or commonplace.

For the time being music seems to be reverting to the state it was in among the Flemish in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when composers were trying all sorts of experiments and working out cross-word puzzles, so to speak, in tone. We seem to be in a period of experimentation, and at such a time we should be thankful for any masterpiece that is produced, no matter how little it may be.

Newman Smyth

DISTINGUISHED as a liberal theologian, an acceptable writer on public questions, and the pastor of one of the historic churches of this country, Newman Smyth died in New Haven on January 5, at the age of eighty-two.

Dr. Smyth came of a New England family notable in the annals of New England Congregationalism; his father, William Smyth, was a professor in Bowdoin College, and his brother Egbert C. Smyth was professor in both Bowdoin and Andover Seminary and was the founder and editor of the "Andover Review."

For twenty-six years Dr. Smyth was

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Wide World Photos

EVERY year, on the anniversary of his death, friends of Theodore Roosevelt make a pilgrimage to his grave. They go not in the spirit of mourners, but as pilgrims who would renew their allegiance to a common faith at the threshold of a shrine. They go to share with one another their memories of the leader whom they honored and loved. The photograph shows a few of the pilgrims climbing up the snow-clad knoll at the top of which lie the earthly remains of Theodore Roosevelt, who from a nation has been missed "as others are from home"

pastor of the old Center Church of New Haven, the pulpit of which was a half-century ago occupied by Leonard Bacon. For almost an equal term of years Dr. Smyth was a fellow of Yale University.

Newman Smyth was an advocate of liberal theology and freedom of religious thought at least a generation before the words Fundamentalist and Modernist became current, and was one of the leaders in advancing the beliefs that came to be known as the New Theology. He was also an earnest advocate of church unity, and thought that the acceptance of episcopal reordination by ministers of other churches, without vital changes of creed, might solve the problem. In this he found the practical difficulties at this time insuperable, not from the point of view of logic but from that of devotion to old associations and to human reluctance to begin anew a church life already established.

No Parsimony with the Navy

THAT man would be a fool who could think that he would be spending money if he put it into a savings bank.

That man would likewise be a fool if he thought he would be saving money by refusing to provide a proper safeguard for his savings.

Parsimony can be the worst form of thriftlessness.

The Navy is in a very real sense an essential part of the Nation's savings bank. It is the Nation's locks and bars.

There are some people who say that the Nation's savings bank ought not to be protected. They argue that a navy is a provocation to attack. They do not want the safe locked, for if it is left unlocked no burglar will blow it open. They would have their country disarmed completely. Though this seems to us most fallacious reasoning, it is at least consistent. But there is no appearance of logic, no pretense of consistency, in the view that we should have a navy, but a feeble or inadequate one.

We do not believe for a moment that President Coolidge favors the enfeeblement of the American Navy, or thinks that a policy of allowing the Navy to fall into decay would be a policy of economy.

It is reported that the President has given his economy programme as a reason for his opposition to the expenditure of money on the elevation of naval guns. If that is one of his reasons, it must be, we believe, because he does not think that the advantage to be derived from obtaining increased range for the guns of our battleships is worth the money that it would cost. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Wilbur, has told the House Naval Affairs Committee that the American Navy is inferior to the British in gun range as well as in speed and in

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(C) Keystone

Charles Evans Hughes, retiring Secretary of State, with President Coolidge (right)

tonnage, and that the elevation of the guns would do much to offset the American Navy's relative inferiority. The Bureau of the Budget, with the backing of the President and of Secretary Hughes, however, has ruled against the expenditure.

Wholly apart from the question of economy there are two possible reasons which might well account for the decision against elevating the guns.

The first, and the weaker of the two, is that the British hold that such change in the elevation of the guns would not be in accordance with the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments. That reason is not conclusive. If it were, then Britain herself would be estopped from making any change in her navy if we offered an objection, however whimsical. We should give to Britain's protest the same attention that we should give to that of any friendly Power.

The other reason is more potent. It is that the elevation of American naval guns would be likely to start a competition among the navies of the world to secure the greatest gun range, and that what is needed at this time is not a new incitement to naval competition, but sacrifices to prevent it.

With the purpose of discouraging naval competition the great majority of Americans are undoubtedly in sympathy. It was America that put a stop to the competition in the building of battleships and battle-cruisers, and the effect of America's action and example has been most salutary. America should do all that she reasonably can to see that the purpose of the Washington Conference, which was to stop the competition in huge naval armaments, is adhered to.

At the same time Americans should insist that the Navy which they have should be effective. It is not tonnage that makes a good battleship, but such qualities as protective armor, gun fire, gun range, and speed in the ship itself, and seamanship and fighting ability in the officers and men. Not only that. Battleships are effective only as they are supported both afloat and ashore. In modern warfare a fleet of battleships would be helpless without a complement of light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, supply ships, aircraft, and the like. America does not need to enter into any competition with other countries in accumulating the largest possible number of war-vessels that do not come within the terms of the Naval Treaty; but America has the right and the duty to provide for its fleet of capital ships the necessary auxiliaries. The Navy General Board is drafting a report on an extended inquiry into the whole naval situation. Whatever money is necessary for keeping the capital ships we have in good condition, providing them with auxiliaries, and keeping the naval personnel in good trim is money well and thriftily expended.

One of the prime objects of the Federal Union of American States is "to provide for the common defense." Any Administration which, however laudable its intentions, fails to do this, fails in one of its essential duties.

Hughes Turns Over the Helm

SURPRISE—in some quarters something like consternation—greeted the announcement from Washington that on March 4 Charles Evans Hughes would retire as Secretary of State. The feeling of regret which was general throughout the country is a measure of the esteem in which Mr. Hughes is held. Other statesmen have aroused greater enthusiasm than he, but few have commanded such respect. His conduct of the foreign affairs of this Nation for the past four years has capped a career throughout which he has devoted to the public service an extraordinary mind. We doubt whether there is any foreign minister in any other country that can match intellects with his. It is something to be said on behalf of democracy, which often blunders, that during this most critical period after the war this self-governing people found a way of putting such a mind to work on the specially intricate problems of foreign affairs. It is natural, therefore, that the prospect of losing the service of Mr. Hughes at the head of the State Department should cause something like dismay.

Even those who do not sympathize with the foreign policy followed by the Harding and Coolidge Administrations can scarcely deny the skill with which it has been carried out. Probably that policy has been set forth most clearly by Mr. Hughes himself in the speech which he delivered before the Canadian Bar Association on September 4, 1922. It has sometimes been said that, though the foreign minister of an Administration opposed to the League of Nations, he himself is virtually Wilsonian. The reader of this speech of his can hardly share that view. The League of Nations

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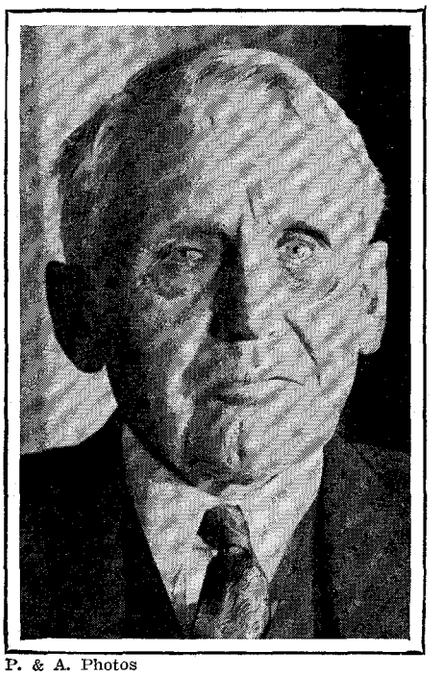
rests upon the theory that peace can be secured and maintained by military force and economic pressure. Mr. Hughes points out that all contrivances of that sort "depend upon the sentiment which will apply the pressure and direct the force when the test comes," and that because of the diversity of national interests and consequent conflicts of opinion "such arrangements are likely to fail when they are most needed." And then he put into these pregnant sentences what may be called his philosophy of peace: "There is no path to peace except as the will of peoples may open it. The way to peace is through agreement, not through force. The question, then, is not of any ambitious general scheme to prevent war, but simply of the constant effort, which is the highest task of statesmanship in relation to every cause of strife, to diminish among peoples the disposition to resort to force and to find a just and reasonable basis for accord."

Elsewhere in this same address he expressed this view in other words: "There is no lawgiver for independent states. . . . The outlawry of war necessarily implies a self-imposed restraint."

It is not often that a man is the best interpreter of his own course of action, as Mr. Hughes is in this case. He has set forth his philosophy not merely in words but in outstanding deeds. He has proved it practical. With all due credit to other achievements in the history of world affairs since the war, two may be set apart by themselves. One was the stopping of the disastrous naval race between the chief naval Powers of the world. The other was the drafting and adoption of a plan for settling the question of reparations. It was Mr. Hughes who by his dramatic announcement at the Washington Conference and his skillful guidance throughout its sessions brought the naval competition to an end, and it was Mr. Hughes who proposed and when the time came unofficially but very skillfully promoted the selection of experts whose work resulted in the adoption of the Dawes Plan for the payment of reparations. The Hughes philosophy for international relations works.

Any man succeeding such a Secretary of State must bear besides the burdens of his office the burden of comparison. That is obvious, but it will sometimes be forgotten when judgments on his acts are rendered. The comparison will not always be fair. Frank Billings Kellogg may not be challenged by such difficulties as those which Mr. Hughes encountered; but he brings to his office exceptional qualifications. Those who think of him as an extreme conservative because he was defeated in Minnesota for re-election to the Senate by rather radical forces forget his early career under Theodore Roosevelt as a prosecutor of unwholesome trusts. His experience as a member of the Foreign Relations Committee in the Senate and as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's has acquainted him with not only foreign affairs but world leaders in diplomacy. Like Mr. Hughes, he is a lawyer of great ability.



P. & A. Photos

Frank B. Kellogg, succeeding Charles E. Hughes as Secretary of State

It is unfortunate that at this time the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee in the Senate is occupied by a man who is not in sympathy with the Administration's foreign policy. Senator Borah is not a good team-worker, and team-work is what is needed. Possibly the fact that Mr. Kellogg, the new Secretary of State, has been in the Senate will ease the tension that has lately existed between the Chairman and the Secretary. We hope, however, that it will not tend to make any less inflexible the refusal of the United States to recognize the perfidious leaders of Russia or otherwise substitute Mr. Borah's theories for Mr. Hughes's. We believe that the reason Mr. Hughes gives for his resignation—that he desires to return to private life—is the real reason. If we thought that there was any serious danger of a change in foreign policy at this time, we should regret even more than we do Mr. Hughes's retirement from office.

Jungle or Civilization?

JUDGE GARY, head of the United States Steel Corporation, in his address before the "Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement" declared that for a people to disregard violation of law was to force a return to the jungle, where might makes right.

The direct object of the meeting at which Judge Gary spoke was to demand strict and Nation-wide enforcement of the Prohibition Law; but Judge Gary pointed out that for "respected and respectable" citizens to discriminate between the laws they would like to see enforced and those that they were willing to see violated brought about evils in every criminal direction, as, for instance, the use and sale of narcotic drugs and the smuggling into this country of aliens.

On the same occasion Mayor Dever, of Chicago, showed that it is not necessary to be a prohibitionist in order to be a law enforcer. As Mayor of Chicago his attitude was that it was his duty "simply to know what the law was and, knowing that, to enforce it." Mayor Dever found when he became the head of the Chicago government that there was an alarming condition of law violation in many directions, that it was closely connected with the violation of the liquor laws, and that it was necessary to reorganize the whole police force in order to bring about substantial improvement. It is rather startling to read such facts as that in one year recently Chicago had more murders than the whole of Great Britain, and that in another recent year Chicago had over 4,000 thefts of automobiles, while London had 290. Mr. Dever says he found that the illegal traffic in liquor was threatening the existence of the city government. He claimed not that Chicago was now a perfect city, but that at least the cynical attitude of indifference to the fact that criminals were shooting one another down in the streets and murders were committed in broad daylight has ceased to exist, and he even went so far as to say that "the illegal liquor traffic is as dead as a door nail as far as being a profitable business enterprise is concerned."

In the same week in which Judge Gary and Mayor Dever were thus preaching law enforcement Governor Silzer, of New Jersey, in a conference with the judges of

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the New Jersey Supreme Court urged that the time had come in that State for law-abiding citizens to assert themselves. Governor Silzer did not refer specifically to the violation of the Prohibition Law; but readers of The Outlook who three weeks ago read the statement by its special correspondent, Mr. Mandeville—a statement based on thorough and careful personal investigation—do not need to be told that, in a State where "ten bucks and a bottle of booze" form the regular nightly wage given to policemen who protect bootleggers from being preyed upon by hijackers, law violation of this kind is conducive to law violation generally. Governor Silzer warned the people that the invasion of homes may be "the next step of those who find crime easy and profitable."

It is perfectly consistent for a man to disapprove of the Prohibition Amendment or to advocate a revision of the Volstead Act, or to say that State or town rather than Nation should regulate the sale of liquor, and yet to insist that, unless and until the people of the United States change the law, enforcement is essential. Mr. Roosevelt once wrote an Outlook editorial entitled "Murder is Murder;" it is equally axiomatic that all lawbreaking is lawbreaking.

When we see public opinion indifferent to rum piracy at sea, to battles on land between gangs of rum-runners and hijackers, to police corruption, to wholesale perjury, and to office-holders' connivance with crime, it is time to ask that the subject of law enforcement be treated by press and people less jocosely and more from the point of view of public safety and decency.

The German Mind

A BOOK called in English "The German Secret Service" has been translated and published in England (by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.), but apparently it has not yet appeared in this country. The author is Colonel W. Nicolai, chief of the German military intelligence service during the Great War. It is dignified, lacking in sensationalism, and not without admirable qualities, such as an appreciation of examples of heroic or patriotic conduct by enemies of the author's country.

It has certain peculiarities—for instance, a kind of humor, which, we may be sure, was never intended by the grave Prussian who wrote it. After reading the first few chapters, a person who had no knowledge of the war nor of German history and German character might get some such picture as this:

"Germany, in 1914, was a large, peaceful, and good-natured country, surrounded by a number of malevolent and powerful neighbors. The Germans had little equipment for espionage, or for propaganda in foreign countries, and certainly had never practiced spying in Russia and France. They were at the mercy of all their enemies, especially the dangerous and militaristic French, and were even threatened by a vicious country called Belgium."

Colonel Nicolai does not use these words, but his book certainly gives such an impression, and it is not impossible that he actually believes this himself. Part of it is the usual attitude of the professional soldier in every country, who is naturally more willing to talk about the enemy's spies than to give any details about his own. Part of it is the German's conception of himself as a kindly, Santa Claus sort of person, against whom it is impious to use violence, even when he is engaged—for the time being, and in the name of the Fatherland—in robbing hen-roosts or in sinking hospital ships. (It was wicked, it may be remembered, for enemy ships to shoot at submarines when the latter were indulging in their usual occupation, because the submarine was tender, delicate, and unprotected.)

Colonel Nicolai dedicates his book "To my Country, as a Warning and as a Lesson to All who would help Her to Win back Her Freedom, and who are, for that Reason, Threatened by Her Foes." He very kindly warns England, and more especially America, to be on their guard against the French Secret Service to-day. He speaks with evident condemnation of the harshness of the Belgians who arrested and shot a German merchant named Ehrhardt, who had simply been sent to Antwerp before the outbreak of the war to get news about England's attitude. Ehrhardt had done "nothing hostile to Belgium, or to any power already allied with her;" he was, apparently, merely spying about a few days before war broke out. He says that "a very accommodating spirit" was shown toward Americans in Germany before 1917, as the German Government "strove to maintain" America's neutrality. He tells about the English and French pamphlets of propaganda which were exhibited at German Headquarters to wondering Germans to convince them of the "hatred and the will to destruction of the enemy." Apparently neither Colonel Nicolai, nor the German generals, nor the visitors could understand how the Germans—then located in the invaded districts of France—could be anything but popular with the "enemy." Ach, what a wickedness! He makes many interesting comments upon the Americans and their opinions, and declares that the German army, so far from being surprised by the number of American soldiers sent to France, had expected a greater number.

There is little in the book of the usual picturesque and dramatic method of relating "spy stories," but it has more importance as another revelation of the German mind—and of the German mind at its best.

A Free-Lunch Counter that Survives the Eighteenth Amendment

BIRDS that stay North during the winter seem from the human point of view to possess a good percentage of sporting blood. All the world is open to them. There is no good reason (save that they do not play golf) why they should not take the wings of the morning and fly South when the leaves turn and the winds grow nipping and eager. Yet year after year they elect to stay and see the thing through in company with those non-feathered bipeds who can journey South only with the aid of railroad trains and steamers. Birds who stay North have the great problem of food to face. From the first light to the last in short winter days it is their one great quest. Yet they utter no chirp of complaint. They do not even ask for a Federal investigation.

Spread a free-lunch counter for them, and they will partake of it with dignity and self-respect according to their needs. When the ice disappears, they will go foraging for their natural food again. They do not form the habit of being dependent upon human charity. This of course is not to say that they will turn their backs on friends who have stayed by them during hard times. Indeed, the very contrary is the case, for one of the sure rewards of feeding birds in winter is a number of birds that will surround

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us in the spring. Especially is this true if the neighborly bounty is continued in the form of a bird bath placed out of the reach of predatory cats and suitably arranged as to depth and the opportunity for the equivalent of a place for a rub down when the bath is finished.

Those who spread lunches for birds are confronted sometimes with the problem of uninvited guests of the four-legged variety. Squirrels like food as well as birds, and, being of a more provident nature, they are likely, unless prevented, to act as though the store of food was for their exclusive benefit. It is hard to explain to a squirrel that the supply of cracked sunflower seed is a matter of daily dole, and not to be hoarded for future use. Probably the best way to impress this fact upon the squirrels' eager mind is to inclose the food in mesh wire large enough to admit the beaks of birds and small enough to prevent the theft of the entire grain.

Birds themselves are catholic in their diet. They will cheerfully accept cracked nuts, broken squash and pumpkin seeds, crumbs of all kinds, cocoanut meats, rolled oats, frozen milk, suet, and bones to which pickings or peckings still cling. Sunflower seeds are the special delight of nuthatches, goldfinches, chickadees, and evening grosbeaks.

If your prejudice against squirrels is too strong or if you live in a town where gardens and trees are a rarity, a tray on a window-shelf will be all that the birds will need and something which squirrels cannot easily reach. The tray can be landscaped if you desire with toy trees and miniature hills and valleys. The birds will not criticise your artistry, however, so long as the tray, plain or decorated, provides them with the food that they crave and deserve.

Everett and Old Man Jim

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

ROBIN HOOD sat at a flat-topped desk and received cordially all who came seeking information, but more especially those of the newspaper craft. He talked in the telephone with one corner of his mouth and to callers personally present with the other. He was as unerring with answers as ever archer could have been with arrows. If you looked about to see if "Friar Tuck and Little John rode down the glen together," you were disappointed. For this was not "in Sherwood, in Sherwood about the break of day," but in Washington, D. C., at almost any hour of the twenty-four and throughout the week of January 5, this year.

The third annual Conference of the National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations was in session, and a gentleman named Robin Hood—really, truly—was director of information. The Council visited President Coolidge, and was told by him that co-operative marketing must be firmly established and that it must grow from the ground up rather than from the top down.

After that the Council did many things, but most significantly it adopted a resolution declaring against the passage of any law dealing with co-operative marketing in any way and against any aid or subsidy or "favoritism" for co-operative marketing in any manner whatsoever.

At this same time, the other half, which is perhaps the larger half, of the co-operative marketing forces were pressing Congress for favorable action on co-operative marketing bills.

Now put a peg in there while I stir up a couple of memories.

IT is gray dawn of a May morning in the blue-grass basin of Middle Tennessee—in the county of Wilson, away out in the rolling country around the village of Baird's Mills.

As the sun peeps over Charity Hill and the dew gleams on the grass all down the velvety pasture slopes, shepherd voices are raised and over all the countryside comes the bleating of sheep, some flocks clamorously near, some barely audible away beyond the farther hills. It is "the day to take the lambs off." All through my childhood that was a day of more thrills than the Fourth of July.

While the dew still gleams the lambs are separated from the ewes, driven out on the turnpike road, and headed toward Lebanon—thirty flocks of them perhaps, some small, some great.

Down the road, riding a red roan, fox-trotting mare named Donna, comes an elderly man, red of face, white chin-whiskered, calling encouragement to the various flockmasters in a voice that would carry above any skipper's trumpet. He works his way cautiously past the lamb flocks, and when the last is passed puts Donna to the canter and hurries to town. He is "Old Man Jim" Hancock, who, without any formal authority, without any pay, acts for himself and his neighbors in selling the lambs of the community. Toward sundown, the lambs loaded on the cars and started for Chicago, he will stand against the corner of a cedar rail fence, Donna's bridle reins hooked over his left arm, and figure out in a little memorandum book—it has two pictures in circles on the cover, one of a farmer between the plow handles and the other of a carpenter at the bench—how much money is due each lamb owner. The bank in Lebanon, acting as agent for the purchaser, has paid him for all the lambs, you understand.

In scenes like that was the birth of co-operative marketing in America. Communities widely scattered over the United States, some of them thus early but most of them much later, followed this simple system with various crops and classes of live stock. A neighborhood did the neighborly thing—which was also the profitable thing—and sold collectively. Co-operative marketing grew from the ground up.

TIME moves forward by fifteen years. I can no longer stand with bare toes in a crack of the rail fence and look over at "Old Man Jim" figuring away in his old memorandum book. I am a newspaper man now—city editor, if you please, of the "Messenger" at Owensboro, Kentucky, in the heart of the Green River tobacco district.

We used to leave the office between three and four o'clock in the morning, Jim Pendelton, John Kelly, and I. Any time between December and May Jim used to sniff out the window after "thirty" was down and, if the weather was right, he would say, "Pretty damp out there. Tobacco ought to be rolling in."

By the time we were on the street the rumble of the wagons swelled, the noise of an army, drawing into Owensboro on

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a dozen roads; from all over Daviess County, from McLean, from Ohio, from Hancock, from the edge of Henderson. By daylight the town was packed full of wagons heavy laden with "Yellow Pryor." All day long they waited, some of them, for their turn at the platforms of the rehandling houses. And long after dark wagons still rolled out on the homeward road, their drivers discontented, puzzled, a sense of wrong at their hearts. A crop that cost thirteen months of labor from plant bed to rehandling house was selling at starvation prices—not much over four cents a pound, taking the average for leaf, lugs, and trash. The "trust" was holding down prices, they said.

After two or three seasons of that kind of thing, a man named Everett came down from Wisconsin, preached organization and co-operative marketing for tobacco growers. District headquarters were opened. Organizers were appointed. An intensive campaign was launched. Pressure of various kinds was put upon farmers to induce them to join. Those who refused were not treated very cordially by some of those who joined. In some districts of Kentucky, though not in ours, the pressure took the form of "night-riding," scraping of plant beds, violence.

Here was another infant step of co-operative marketing. A whole section did what seemed to be the necessary thing—or, rather, the thing was done for the section. An elaborate organization was formed for controlling both marketing and production. Co-operation grew "from the top down."

You may take out your peg now. We will go back to Robin Hood at the flat-topped desk, or thereabouts.

It was an impressive meeting, that Conference of the National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations. Aaron Sapiro was the outstanding figure, as he has been for a long time in that organization. He it was who pulled many of the societies together and made the National Council. Small, dark, not impressive in repose, he becomes a real power when he is on his feet and speaking. He is not an orator—and yet he is. He makes words count for exactly what he means them to count for. His sentences are so direct and so incisive as to cut through any armor of inattention. Withal, there is an air of absolute sincerity. And over all there is the ability to "get by" a disputed point by the method, somewhat Bryanesque, of waving it aside as though everybody agreed with what the speaker believes.

But other figures are looming large now in the affairs of the National Council. Judge Robert W. Bingham, publisher of the Louisville "Courier-Journal and Times," is President. Carl Williams, publisher of the Oklahoma "Farmer-Stockman," is Vice-President, and throughout the cotton belt Williams did much what Sapiro did elsewhere. Tall, gray-haired, somewhat halting in his manner of speech, as though careful to be absolutely accurate and absolutely fair, Williams is a power too before any gathering of "co-ops."

Here are three among the more prominent figures of the organization which went on record as opposing Federal legislation for co-operative marketing.

I do not know why President Coolidge chose to say to these particular men that co-operative marketing must grow from the ground up rather than from the top down. The phrase was originally used, I think, by Harold Powell, of the Fruit Growers, in opposing Sapiro. And certainly this organization of all "co-ops" is the one that grew from the top down. It depends upon Sapiro, Williams, Bingham, and the others.

Remember, now, the second story. The Kentucky tobacco growers, organized in some fashion since the days I recall, affiliate with the National Council.

The other half of the organized co-operative marketing movement did grow from the ground up—from the neighborhood to the county, from the county to a considerable district, from the district to the State, from the State to the Nation. It rests to-day on the local organization. The lamb raisers on my green hills in Wilson County, bringing their organization down through forty years from the days of "Old Man Jim" and his faded memorandum book, came into it as a local group of the American Farm Bureau Federation. There are not in this half of the co-operative organization any Sapiros or Binghams or Williamses. Officers come and go with the years, but there are no abiding personages. The feet of the thing still are planted out yonder in the farming communities.

And this half of the "co-ops" very ardently desires a co-operative marketing law—urges it, insists upon it, clamors for it in season and out. They want the Government to "encourage" co-operative marketing. But they also want Federal regulation of co-operative marketing. The law they seek—if they ever find out exactly what it is they seek and get rid of a multiplicity of bills—will do both of those things.

The side which wants a law looks like "Old Man Jim." The side which wants no law resembles Everett. There are exceptions, of course. In the National Council there are some societies which "grew." On the Farm Bureau side there may be some which were "organized." But the line of cleavage runs generally this way.

A co-operative marketing law could easily be a bad thing. Dangers lurk in divers corners of it. To a great many people it smacks too strongly of favoritism, of a dole. It is not necessarily that, of course; probably it never will be that at all. But it is a departure. A great many conservative people will be pleased with the attitude of the National Council in declaring against co-operative marketing legislation. But conservatism is not always far-sighted.

Co-operative marketing Nationally organized—and as nearly as possible solidly organized—is probably both desirable and inevitable in the United States. It really does not have to be built from the ground up. It has been built both ways and both are successful.

If farmers are ever solidly organized or anything like it, they may hold the Nation in the hollow of their hands. No steel trust or oil trust or tobacco trust or any trust that we have ever heard of in the United States possesses a fraction of the power the farmers might exert.

Now the "Old Man Jim" half—the "from the ground up" half—insists that if we let this thing grow (and they want it to grow) without any machinery for regulation we are likely to create a Frankenstein's demon. They want a law which will give Government encouragement to co-operative marketing, but which will also require co-operative marketing societies to operate under Federal charter. It follows that the Federal Government could revoke the charter of any society which might go too far or engage in unethical practices.

The "from the top down" half—the National Council half—wants no aid and no regulation. It is ready and anxious to make its own way. It declares its independence. But the other half says that the National Council's position is not so magnanimous as it seems.

The two factions will always exist, I suppose. In spirit "Old Man Jim" still figures in his memorandum book. And he wants protection, not merely against the packer who buys his lambs, but against other organizations which may come to dominate him and the country. In spirit Everett still "organizes." And he wants freedom to expand as he pleases.

Whether we should have a co-operative marketing law or not, here is a question for the people of the United States—not the farm people merely, but all people—to think about.

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The Gate of the Harem Swings Wide

By A. RUSTEM BEY

Former Turkish Ambassador to the United States

AMONG the radical changes which have taken place in Turkey, consequent upon the conclusion of peace under the Nationalist Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, not the least interesting and important is the official recognition of the principle of feminine emancipation and the encouragement given to woman to avail herself of the facility thus offered to her to occupy her legitimate position in society. This definitive consecration of a reform which, so far, was progressing with halting and uncertain steps is destined to exercise a tremendous influence on the destinies of the country.

A brief survey of the situation from this point of view will no doubt find attentive readers in America, which is showing a renewed interest in the affairs of Europe and the Near East.

Woman's Life in Old Turkey

As everybody knows, the "better half" of man was condemned in Turkey, as in the other Islamic countries, to the seclusion of the harem. Polygamy aggravated her case. For a long succession of centuries the Turkish woman, reduced to the condition of prisoner in her own house and of being a simple instrument of pleasure of her husband, deprived of all serious instruction, if any, debarred from intercourse with man outside the narrow family circle, was forced to drag on an atrophied existence from which all active share in the public concerns of the nation was absolutely excluded.

Many of the shortcomings of Turkey, many of its adversities, indeed its fall from the state of greatness to which it had raised itself only a couple of centuries ago, may be traced very largely to the pernicious effects on the community at large of the vices bred in the harem system and to the inoperativeness of those potent sources of inspiration of which free woman is the center.

It should be noted, however, that, contrary to the belief generally held in the West, the limitations placed on woman's intercourse with the outside world, which are such a marked characteristic of Mussulman society, are not prescribed by the Law of the Prophet. On the contrary, it can be proved, chapter and verse in hand, that the latter is a distinctly and specifically feminist code. The seclusion of woman and its hideous concomitant, eunuchism, are institutions grafted on the social system of Islam by masculine jealousy and of which the principle was borrowed from pagan Persia and Christian Byzantium, in the latter of which it existed in the form of the *gynaikeion*. As for polygamy, which is limited to the possession by man of four wives, and its accompaniment, legal concubinage, they are only tolerated by the Koran. They were manifestly intended to act as exceptional measures to be applied to the Arabia of those times, the Arabs being the chosen people of Islam, as the Hebrews were the chosen people of Judaism. They were, in fact, conceived as the only measures capable of saving woman in that barbarous country from what was practically universal prostitution and the consequent absence of all legal status as regards herself and child, a condition into which she had fallen owing to the extraordinary numerical disproportion existing between her and man, whose ranks had been thinned beyond measure by perpetual internecine warfare.

The Breach in the Wall

THE reaction, so far as Turkey is concerned, against the, in principle, unnatural and inhuman system applied to woman began in earnest after the Revolution of 1908. The constitutional régime, or rather the wars that followed it and of which the period is only just closed, made such imperious calls on the public services of woman, especially in the field of charitable (principally hospital) work, that even the most inveterate "old Turk" had to condone the generous response made to them under Government patronage. A great breach was thus opened adventitiously in the barriers encircling woman, of which the thick and high walls of the harem were very material indeed.

But even so, the progress accomplished was slow and timid, the Government itself, without whose intervention no real advance could be made, being concerned not to run up too brusquely against popular prejudices.

The merit of quickening and extending to its full limits the movement of feminine emancipation belongs to the group of men who, having saved Turkey from the external tyranny of European imperialism, have decided to complete their work by freeing their country from the internal tyranny of social and religious prejudice. These enlightened patriots have openly challenged the truth and value of the theories underlying the seclusion of woman. They have sworn not to rest until they have succeeded, apart from the other reforms they have undertaken, in securing for woman the enjoyment of such rights and *duties* as might be reasonably expected to fall to her lot in a civilized country.

The President Sets the Pace

BY associating his young and handsome wife, Latifé Hanem, with himself in his public appearances as President of the newly founded Turkish Republic, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the hero of the War of Liberation, has taken the bull by the horns. He is acting on the principle that, being hard pressed by the rapidly moving and mercilessly operating events of the period, his country cannot proceed by leisurely stages on the road of reform; that whatever Turkey has to do to come into line with the progressive West, whose civilization she must adopt or perish, must be achieved by rapid, bold, and long strides.

Contrary to the expectations of most people, this policy, which is pursued with great firmness, has met with no active opposition on the part of any section of the nation. As regards its political manifestations, it has, on the contrary, received enthusiastic support. As regards its social achievements, and especially the emancipation of woman, disapproval may be lurking here and there, but this does not appear on the surface, except in the form of surly looks and contemptuous shrugs of the shoulders. Woman may assert her independence without exposing herself to any really discouraging annoyance. The process is particularly marked in such towns as Constantinople, Smyrna, Adrianople, etc., where, having made a big start under the foreign occupation (a curse in every other respect), the fair sex has followed up its initial advantage with remarkable activity and success. The absence of serious reaction on the part of the masses, with which woman's increasing disregard for the restraints of the past is witnessed even in the provinces, which may have been expected to be less latitudinarian, is one of the remarkable signs of the times in Turkey. More than any other manifestation of the new spirit which is asserting itself in this, the leading community of Islamdom, it gives the lie to the formula "the immovable East."

In a word, the emancipation of the

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Turkish woman is in full course of accomplishment. To the foreigner coming back to Turkey after an absence of fifteen or twenty years the spectacle of Leila or Zeineb or Gulnar moving about freely in public, her face uncovered and accompanied by men acquaintances, frequenting with them restaurants, tea-shops, and theaters, and, most wonderful of all, attending dancing parties in low dress and joining in the choreographic sport under the placid eyes of their husbands —this spectacle is so incredible that the visitor can scarcely believe his eyes. And indeed it is a social revolution of the first magnitude.

In fairness to the young *hanem* (lady), it should be added that the use she makes of her opportunities is by no means confined to the enjoyment of life. She is equally keen on improving herself intellectually and preparing an independent position for herself. The University of Constantinople shows a growing attendance of women students, while a fair sprinkling of the sex is to be found occupying positions in the Government offices and the establishments of commerce and finance.

No doubt excesses are noticeable in her relations with man. But this is only a consequence of the swing of the feminine pendulum from the extreme of servitude to the other extreme of full liberty. Besides which, it should not be forgotten that the Great War left behind it a wave of sexual immorality from which Turkey is all the more excusable not to have escaped precisely because of the special conditions created in her midst by the sudden liberation of woman after years of confinement. She will recover her balance in due course of time.

(C) Keystone

Latifé Hanem, wife of Mustapha Kemal, President of the Turkish Republic

The Law of Marriage

At the same time as she has acquired a rational share of social freedom she is on the point of obtaining satisfaction as regards her matrimonial situation. A law is on the stocks by virtue of which monogamy becomes the basic principle of the marital association, polygamy being maintained only in certain forms and with reference to certain exceptional situations. A man whose wife has become insane, for instance, may take another partner to himself *in addition* to the first. Is not this more humane and demographically rational than to repudiate the unfortunate victim of disease or to remain wedded to her for life without the possibility of entering simultaneously into the matrimonial bond with another woman? As for divorce, which in the case of the husband can take place automatically by a simple declaration on his part to that effect, it is to be subjected to certain well-specified conditions, while the wife, who does not possess the reciprocal faculty of separating herself from her husband, will enjoy it, according to the new bill, on condition that it is stipulated in the marriage contract.

Such are the social and legal acquisitions made by the Turkish woman under the Nationalist Government, whose action in this connection will go down to history as one of the greatest reforms operated in Turkey. The change is permanent. It is unthinkable that a reactionary movement could restore the old order of things.

Gone is forever the mystery of the harem. Gone the allurement of the tantalizing *yashmak* (veil). Gone the grotesque paradox and anachronism of the jabbering, grimacing eunuch, playing the part of janitor in the *dar-us-sa'dé* (abode of bliss—official for harem in the palace of the Sultan). But if Turkey has lost in picturesqueness and local color, a circumstance which may be regretted by the peripatetic foreigner, she has gained enormously in her capacity for reformation, success in which has become such a vital necessity for her. In effect, satisfactory as is from the humane and sentimental points of view the restoration of the Turkish woman to a place in society consonant with the dignity and rights of her sex, it is especially in its connection with Turkey's reformatory enterprise that this process of feminine rehabilitation calls for notice.

Whatever the moral and mental faculties of the race, whatever its capacities and potentialities—and during the War of Liberation they proved to be of a very high order—these categories will be considerably strengthened and refreshed by the normal association of woman with man in the fields of thought and action. Meaning as it does the resuscitation to life under modern forms of activity of the entire feminine half of the Turkish people, the emancipation of woman cannot but act as a potent addition to the country's power of achievement.

The Gifts of the Hanem

The fair sex in Turkey shows no inferiority whatever to its masculine counterpart in natural ability. In fact, one is tempted to admit that the woman is superior. Given good opportunities of instruction and education, the *hanem*, who, on the other hand, has been liberally endowed by nature with grace, charm, and beauty, becomes a highly finished product of society. Robert College, on the Bosphorus, America's premier educational establishment in the Near East, from which many a Mussulman girl has graduated, can testify to the mental gifts of the

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Turkish woman and her remarkable development under careful tuition.

There is no doubt that as the fields opened to her activities grow wider and more varied her contributions to the country's success in the work of reform will become more and more substantial.

To conclude. The emancipation of woman in Turkey forms a signal part of the deep-seated and passionate determination of this country to remedy its evils in view of rehabilitating itself and entering the ranks of the truly civilized peoples. It opens a new chapter in the history of the Turkish race. In it is to be found an additional guaranty that the latter will succeed in consolidating its hard-won independence and in achieving a situation in the not too distant future in consonance with its great past.

Beauty and the Dollar

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

THERE is, I muse, such a thing as doing too much for the tourist. From the moment that I sign my name to the register of the much-advertised hotel I am conscious that I have, as it were, stepped on a moving platform and am no longer my own master. This is, it appears, not a place for individuals, but for masses coming and going in a hurry. I am moved from the desk to the dining-room (with a ticket in my hand); from the dining-room to another desk, where I become the recipient of another ticket; thence to the mounting-block at the edge of the piazza, where with some eighty or a hundred other tourists I am directed to wait for the sightseeing busses which will take us along the Canyon's rim. Almost surreptitiously, I slip away from my fellows and the gaze of the stern tutelary spirit of the place to dash across some fifty yards of grass and gravel walks to catch my first glimpse of earth's most stupendous natural phenomenon. The morning light falls warmly upon the farther walls and sets in relief the Temple of Buddha, islanded half-way between the parapets, five thousand feet above the river. The upper ramparts are lavender or purple, the granite below is dead black; over the cream-colored limestone is a faint flush. The sky to the west is robin's-egg blue, overhung with a long rosy cloud-bank.

The frigid efficiency of my corporate nurse fades out of my consciousness; I forget the over-neatness and over-sophistication of what lies at my back; I lose the sense that I am in Central Park. Creation unfolds her story; my mind flies back half a million years. I find myself echoing, in hushed reverence, the words of the child standing awestruck with her parent where I at that moment am standing, "Father, what happened?"

A motor horn, insistently blown, reminds me that in an efficient world the experience of beauty is sold by the yard rather than by the quart. The awe and the splendor of the scene seem to evaporate. The great Canyon seems suddenly an overrated thing, no marvel at all; an adjunct merely to a machine-driven caravanserai.

I return to the mounting-block and dutifully take the place which has been, impatiently, reserved for me. I try in vain to persuade myself that I am not on a Fifth Avenue bus, sweeping up Riverside Drive. It is no use. The highway is so perfect; the perilous places are balustraded so well. I am conscious of grandeur, but it does not move me. I am more conscious of a pervading commercialism, subordinating the magnificence of the Canyon and the awe of the spectator to a hard programme of so many sights exchanged for so many dollars.

At a cabin where the Hermit Trail descends in sharp zigzag to the river we are fed bouillon and sold picture postal cards. As I stand by the neat parapet I find myself wondering more than ever why the Canyon should have been so praised. It is tremendous, of course, but—

Between the hotel and the Canyon's brink stands a replica of a Hopi dwelling where a half-dozen Indians create atmosphere and the tourist may purchase souvenirs. A sign in the hotel lobby tells me that at five in the afternoon the Indians dance their tribal dances. I repair to the Hopi house at five.

The Indians appear, three men and two women; the men in picturesque headgear, one carrying a tom-tom. The leader, for all his copper-colored skin, reveals unmistakably an alien strain; I surmise that one of his ancestors came from far-off shores, not impossibly Sweden or the Emerald Isle. He has the air of a showman, and the English in which he addresses the circle of cloaked spectators (for the November twilight is chill) is the English of Chicago, broad and sophisticated. The noble red man, I note, has not been untouched by Western civilization.

He puts his troupe through their paces. There is something deeply pathetic in this spiritless performance of what was once a religious rite, this perfunctory stamping and shouting, this cheap imitation of an unfelt ecstasy. It is, I suspect, as much like the ancient dances of the pueblo dwellers as a dead body is like a living creature. It is a vaudeville skit, a piece of childish humbuggery, redolent of the circus.

The exhibition is brief, but, brief as it is, it is parted in the middle by an intermission for a collection.

I turn, disheartened, toward the parapet that overlooks the Canyon, conscious that not I only but nature's most prodigious handiwork itself has been somehow betrayed for a handful of silver, its grandeur made captive and tamed and dragged about like a bear with a ring through his nose. I watch the twilight fill the profundity before me. The colors deepen until the purple and the rose seem to burn; the pinnacles glow in the straight rays of the sun; out of the warm valleys far below the mists begin to rise.

I tell myself that this is beauty such as I have not seen; and shake myself as if to get rid of a nightmare as I find myself wondering up to what percentage the efficient mind can transmute loveliness into gold.

The sound of childish voices, singing, comes suddenly through the dusk. I turn, and through the branches of the evergreens I discern two little forms on the topmost platform of the Hopi dwelling, an Indian child and a white, five years old or six, no more. They are holding hands, and through the twilight soft and clear come the words and the familiar tune of their song:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

I listen, altogether captivated; it is like the song of a hermit-thrush heard amid the calculated and meretricious allurements of an amusement park. Somehow it seems to break a spell. The hard rigidities of greed and exploitation seem to let go their clutch on the imagination. The Canyon seems to deepen immeasurably, the walls seem to rise up; in majesty beyond all describing the sculptured shrines loom through the ghostly light between day and dark; and like a god to his house in silent meditation comes the night.

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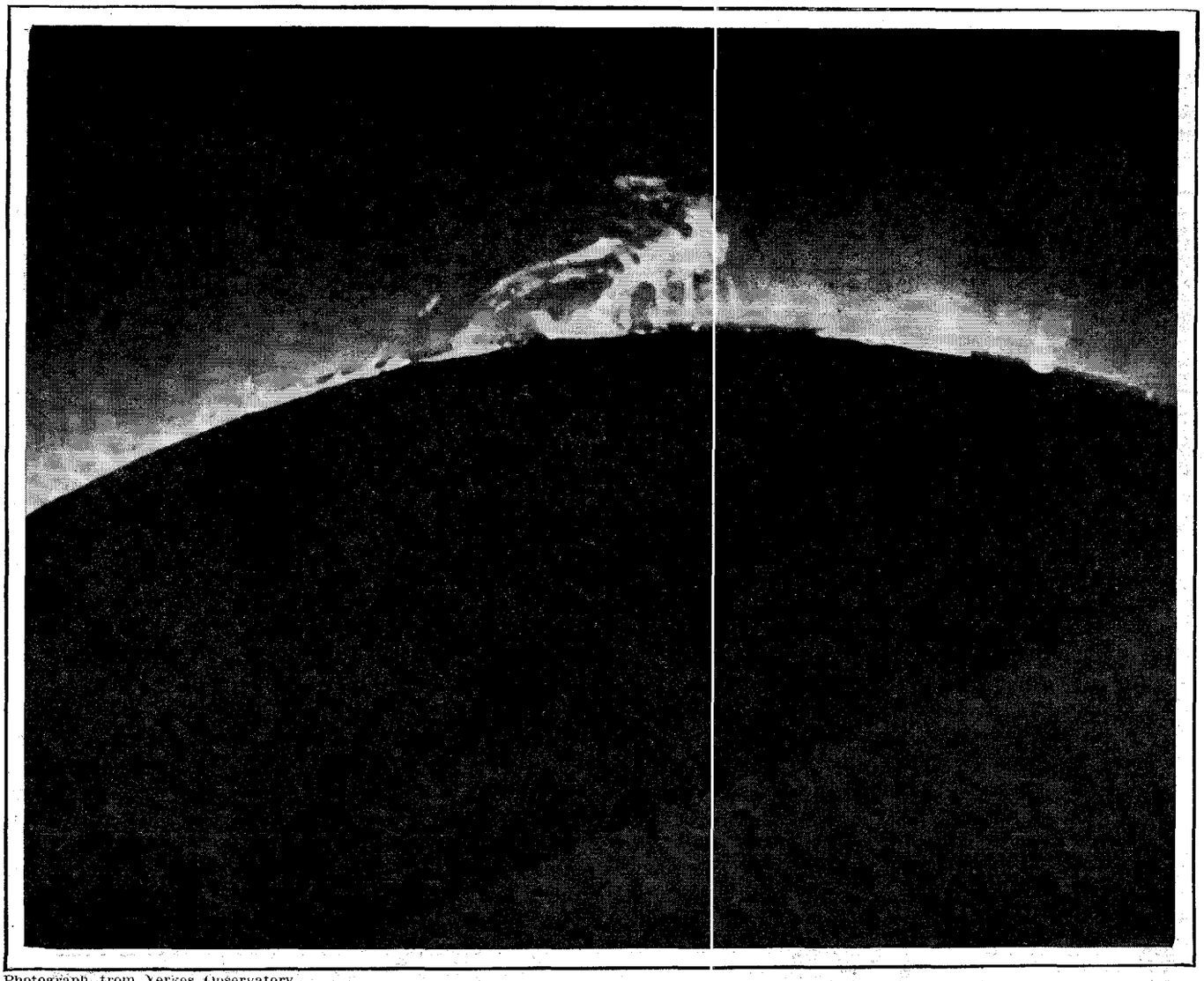

Photograph from Yerkes Observatory

A Fiery Monster in the Sun

This solar prominence was photographed at the total eclipse of June 8, 1918, in the Western United States by an expedition from the Yerkes Observatory. As its shape suggests the skeleton of some prehistoric monster, it was jocularly named the "heliosaurus." It was an eruption of gases from the sun, chiefly the vapor of calcium, and was 50,000 miles high. Most solar prominences consist chiefly of hydrogen rather than calcium

A Two-Minute Drama of the Skies

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

TOTAL eclipses of the sun are both common and rare. Somewhere on earth one occurs almost every year, but at any particular spot one in 360 years is about the average. Rome saw three in the twelve centuries from 600 to 1800 A.D. and London only two. That these phenomena are exceedingly uncommon in any given locality is due, of course, to the fact that the track of totality is always a mere pencil mark on the map—less than a hundred miles wide in most cases. One of these pencil marks will, on the morning of January 24, 1925, stretch across a populous region of the northeastern United States and a portion of Canada. Weather permitting, an experience much rarer than the proverbial "event of a lifetime" will be vouchsafed to millions of our fellow-citizens. Connecticut and Rhode Island, which are to share in this privilege, have not been crossed by the track of a total solar eclipse since Columbus discovered America.

The weather is the big "if." Statistics of past years show that the chances of a cloudy morning are more than fifty per cent. Moreover, totality—the only part of the event that is of great interest, either popularly or scientifically—will last barely two minutes along the center of the track, and only a fraction of a minute just inside its borders. Hence the brief intervention of a single small cloud will suffice to spoil the show for an observer who happens to be in line with it and the sun. The low altitude of the sun at the time of this eclipse is a disadvantage which spectators can escape only by going out to sea. The next best plan will be to seek the eastern end of the path of totality on land. At New Haven, Connecticut, the sun at totality will be about 17½ degrees above the

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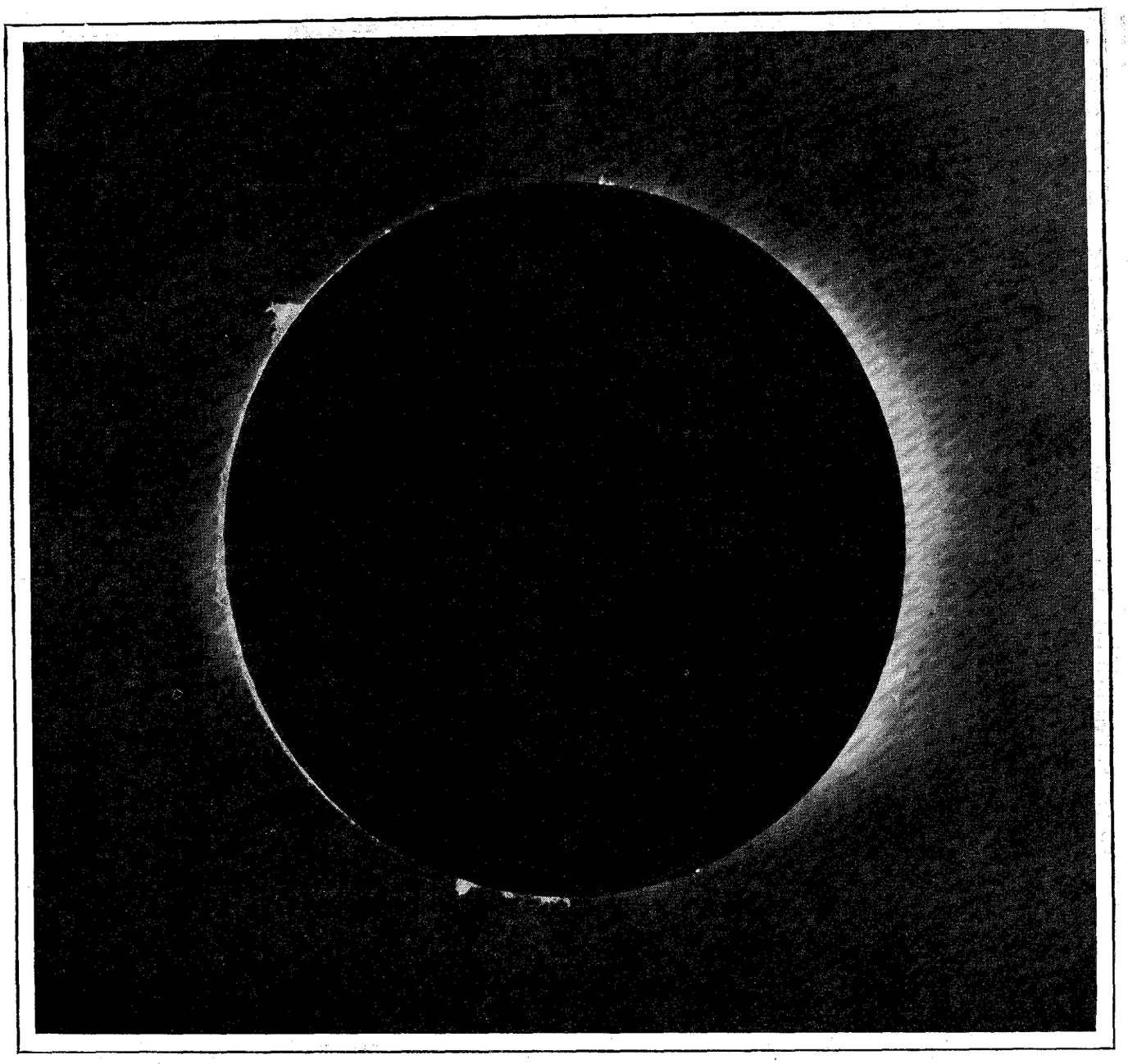

Eclipse of June 8, 1918

Photographed by the Lick Observatory expedition at Goldendale, Washington. The astronomers had remarkable luck with the weather at this point. The day was generally cloudy, but a small rift in the clouds gave a clear view of the sun beginning a minute before and ending a minute after totality. Little of the corona appears in this picture, which was taken with short exposure in order to avoid over-exposing and obscuring the prominences and the bright inner border of the corona. Other pictures, with longer exposure, were taken at the same eclipse to show the full extension of the corona, and some remarkable paintings were made of the eclipse by Mr. H. R. Butler. Note the "heliosaurus" prominence to the right, and the "eagle" prominence (resembling an eagle alighting on the top of a cliff) to the left

horizon. This will be the greatest altitude available along the central line except Montauk Point, on the extreme eastern end of Long Island.

The partial phase of the eclipse will be visible in all the States near the Atlantic seaboard, but a partial eclipse of the sun is a relatively tame and familiar spectacle. Within the track of totality the unforgetable, soul-stirring experience begins a couple of minutes before the sun is completely blotted out by the black bulk of the moon. The abrupt fading of daylight—almost as if you were aboard a train entering a tunnel—takes most people by surprise. The uncanny effect of this sudden transition from day to night is enhanced by the sunset-like glows along the horizon, the appearance of stars in mid-heaven, and the flashing forth of the incomparably beautiful corona. You have read of all this, but you should *see* it. The present writer recalls how at Norfolk, Virginia, during the eclipse of 1900, the *breaking of glass* was heard on all sides as the amazed and startled spectators let fall the bits of smoked and tinted glass through which they had been viewing the sun.

There will be few formal eclipse expeditions on this occasion, for the reason that ten astronomical observatories lie within the path of totality and thirteen more within fifty miles north or south of it. The expedition of novel interest will be the one that the Navy proposes to conduct on board airships over the Atlantic.

The scientific problem foremost at the

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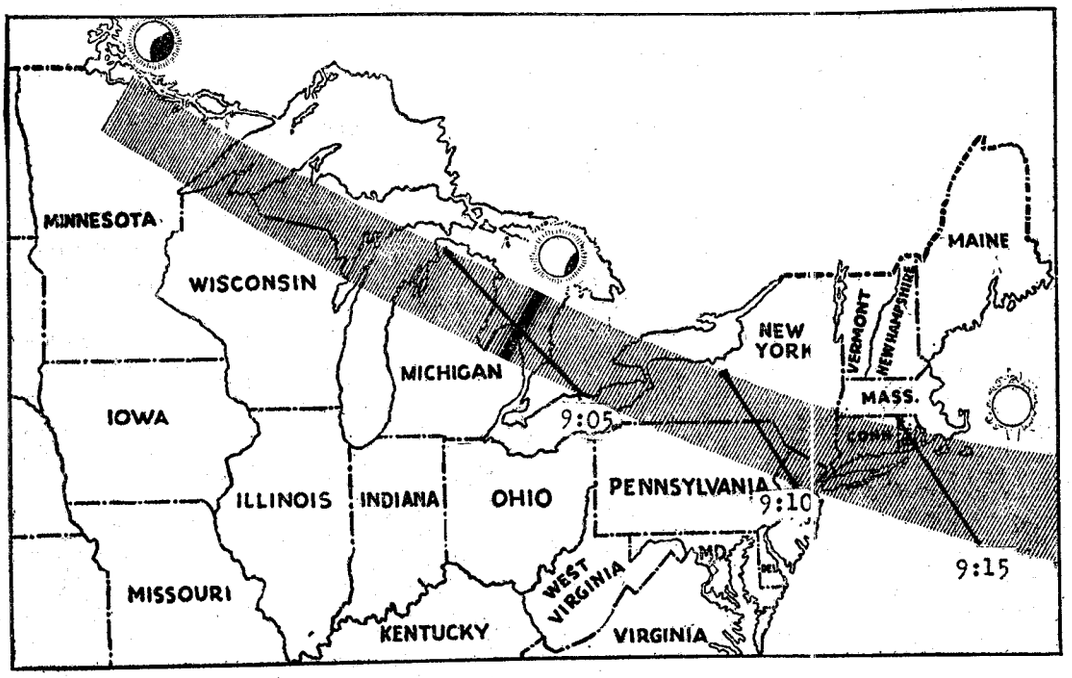
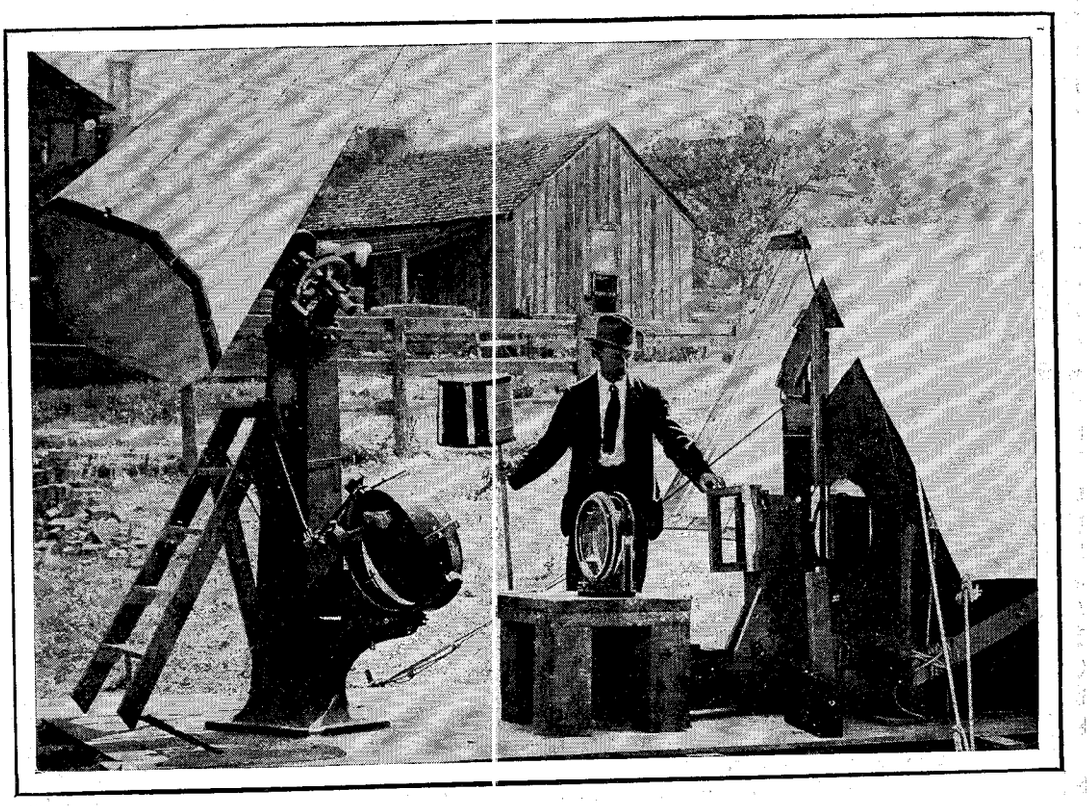


Total Eclipse of the Sun, January 24, 1925

(Adapted from the "Scientific American")

The event will be visible as a PARTIAL eclipse over most of the Eastern United States. The shaded area is the region within which the eclipse will be TOTAL. The time of mid-totality (Eastern Standard Time) is shown at three points along the path. Everywhere west of the heavy black line crossing Lake Huron the sun will be partly eclipsed when it rises. Farther eastward the whole eclipse will be seen (weather permitting), but the sun will be rather low in the eastern sky for satisfactory observations everywhere west of the Atlantic coast. At New Haven, Connecticut, the sun will be 17½ degrees above the horizon at the time of mid-totality.

total eclipses of the past ten years has been the testing of the Einstein hypothesis so far as it relates to the deflection of the light of stars passing close to the sun. Measurements of the eclipse photographs made in Australia in 1922 agreed so closely with the predicted deflection that it will probably not be thought necessary to take "Einstein photographs" at the coming eclipse. The photography of the corona is a perennial undertaking. The shape of this solar appendage varies with the progress of the eleven-year sunspot period. We are now a couple of years past sunspot minimum, and it happens that satisfactory photographs of the corona have never been taken at this particular stage of the sunspot curve. Many spectroscopic observations will be made with a view to exploring the nature and movements of the corona. To this day we know practically nothing about the alleged light gas "coronium," which has figured in descriptions of the sun since the eclipse of 1869, and most authorities doubt its existence as a chemical element. Apparatus recently developed will be applied to obtaining precise measurements of the brightness of the corona at different distances from the body of the sun. Another novelty will be a concerted effort on the part of radio experts and "fans" to determine whether and how the moon's shadow affects the transmission of radio signals. Lastly, every well-observed eclipse helps astronomers correct their tables of the moon's motions. That, in spite of a prodigious amount of labor already devoted to this subject, these tables still require amendment is shown by the fact that as recently as 1922 an expedition from Lick Observatory observed the beginning of the total phase of an eclipse some sixteen seconds earlier and its end about twenty seconds earlier than the times predicted in the Nautical Almanac.



Photographing with a Camera 135 Feet Long

In order to secure large photographs of the sun, cameras of great focal length are required. On account of the mechanical difficulties of building a long upright camera that will be free from vibration, horizontal cameras are often used to photograph eclipses. The one here shown was used by the Smithsonian Institution in photographing the eclipse of May 28, 1900, in North Carolina. The image of the sun was reflected by the cœlostat, or adjustable mirror, seen at the left, through the big lens in the middle of the picture, and thence along a tube made of black cloth 135 feet long to the plate-holder, installed in a light-tight hut at the end of the tube. A white canvas tent was placed over the tube along its entire length. This camera took pictures in which the sun was 15 inches in diameter. The polygonal tube at the left belongs to a smaller camera which was pointed directly at the sun.

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What Price Railroads?

By HUGH J. HUGHES

The first of two articles on our transportation problem. Are railroads servants or masters of the American people?

ONE hundred years ago the railroad was unknown. The trails through the mountains from the seaboard westward were rutted by the wheels of the Conestoga wagons. The steamboat was being adapted to Western river conditions. Canal boats carried their slow-moving cargoes over few and limited routes. The Great Lakes were fringed by forests and whitened here and there by the sails of trading ships that visited the "Far West"—Chicago, Green Bay, Milwaukee. Lake Superior was a closed sea. Missouri had just arrived at Statehood. Wisconsin and Iowa were in the raw pioneer stage. The country beyond, as far as the Rockies, was buffalo and Indian land. Beyond the main range of the Rockies lay a foreign Power (Mexico) and a disputed country (Oregon).

It was not until 1826 that a steamship crossed the Atlantic. The bulk of the commerce of the Ohio Valley was routed down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, out through the Gulf, and up the coast to Philadelphia and New York and Boston. Flatboats carried the crops of the farmer to New Orleans, and sailing ships took them the rest of the way. Liverpool—London, rather—then, as now, was the great center toward which foreign commerce turned. Six to eight weeks from land to land was good overseas time. It took more than twice that time for the grain of the Ohio farmer to reach the docks of London.

Seeds of Rebellion

AND the costs of land transportation were tremendous. We once had a "Whisky Rebellion" because the farmers of western Pennsylvania could not profitably ship their wheat out as wheat and went into the business of distilling whisky in order to cut down the freight charges on the finished product. As I recall, they objected to the excise tax. We once had a "Burr conspiracy," by the plans of which the man who had missed the Presidency by but one electoral vote was to lead the debt-harassed and trade-strangled farmers west of the Alleghanies in a revolt against the Union. That was about the time that wheat at Cincinnati was ten cents a bushel, while it was a dollar in the leading wheat market—Philadelphia.

The Government was straining every bit of its Constitutional power in an effort to tie together the widening and trade-separated parts of the Union. State and Federal money was pouring into highways and canals. The Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, those canals that cross the State of Ohio, the National Pike, the many other toll roads of the country east of the Mississippi, were rushing to completion, not merely for gain, but that the Union itself might be preserved—that the people who made up that Union might reach out to one another in commerce and in National life.

But the Nation was expanding faster than the highways could follow. Already the Pacific Northwest was holding out its lure. The Texan prairies were rich and inviting. The tide of migration was rolling forward toward the Indian country beyond the Missouri and along the Platte. A continental nation was in the making, and it called for a continental system of transportation.

The railroads were the answer.

The Prosecution

NOW, a century old, they stand before the bar of public opinion, cited to show cause why they should not be thrown into bankruptcy. Challenged as unprofitable and extortionate public servants. Accused of oppression. Declared the rightful property of the State.

These are charges that cannot lightly be ignored. If they are true, and if it is true that the transportation business of the country is sapping the life-blood of the Nation's industries, then the railroads deserve whatever fate the public wrath may deem fitting.

If, on the other hand, these charges are not true, and if the railroads have fairly met the duties devolving upon them, it is high time that between the railroads and the people they serve there be understanding and good will.

In their hundred years of growth the railroads have kept pace with the growth of the Nation. It was the superior rail equipment of the North, quite as much as its greater stores of grain and levies of men, that won the War Between the States for the idea of Union. They opened up the prairies, they spanned the continent, they were the means whereby civilization set its foot firmly from one ocean to the other within less than fifty years.

And they were welcomed as their rails pushed forward into the timber lands and over the prairies. They built cities. They transformed the old routes of travel. They shortened distance and time. They invited production, and the ranches grew, and the farms. Frontier trading posts became centers of industry; Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha, Minneapolis—these among many that the reader will recall.

There were franchises given, land bonuses, concessions. Given, on the whole, by a public fully informed of what lack of railroads had meant—a public determined to secure for itself the benefits the roads could bring.

There were watering of stocks, gambling for high stakes, inflation, bankruptcy reorganizations—all a part of the tremendous sweep of our tribe on its march from ocean to ocean, all a part of the story of the process by which settlements were opened and territories formed and cities built and an empire turned under the plow.

And there was, too, solid business growth.

The Measure of the Task

THIS past year your railroads handled four hundred *billion* tons over the distance of one mile!

For each individual in the country—man, woman, and child—four thousand tons were loaded onto cars, hauled one mile, and unloaded. That is the measure of the work done by the railroads in their effort to keep up with the output of our factories and the production of the farms of the United States.

Here are some further figures by which to measure the size of the railroad business of the Nation:

In 1923 a few cars short of fifty million were loaded.

Of this number nine and a half million were cars of coal.

Ore, nearly two and one-half million.

Lumber, three and three-quarters.

Live stock, nearly two million.

Grain and grain products, over two and a quarter million cars.

And it cost the shippers, on the average, 1.12 cents to move a ton of freight one mile; compare that cost, if you please, with the best that a team and wagon can do.

So it is fair to say that in volume of business and in cheapness of service the American railroads have set standards of

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achievement that are worthy of attention.

To do this work requires equipment—trackage, terminals, rolling stock—a vast Nation-wide network of equipment reaching out to and measuring the business movement of every part of the Nation.

Here are some of the details of this equipment: Main trackage, 250,000 miles—enough to throw a ten-track road about the earth at the equator; locomotives, 68,000; freight cars in use, 2,350,000; employees, 1,750,000 people; wages paid, $3,000,000,000 per year; passengers carried, 1,000,000,000 a year; equipment and improvements added in 1923, more than $1,000,000,000; valuation of the railroad properties of the Nation, over $22,000,000,000!

And here is yet another measure of the work the railroads of the Nation are doing: Received in 1923, in return for transportation given, freight and passenger, $6,357,000,000.

Outgo: Wages, $3,000,000,000; fuel, $600,000,000; material and supplies, $1,200,000,000; taxes, $336,000,000; rentals of equipment, etc., $99,000,000; other expenses, $100,000,000; interest and fixed charges, $700,000,000; dividends, in the neighborhood of $280,000,000.

That is to say, the interest return on the railroad investments of the country for the fiscal year 1923 amounted to less than two per cent average for all roads—some more than that figure, and some a good deal less.

Now, with these facts as to sheer bigness in mind, let us see what they simmer down to.

For Sale—Transportation

THE railroads have only one commodity for sale—transportation. A bushel of wheat on a Montana farm is worth very little unless it can be delivered at a consumer market. The railroad picks this bushel of wheat up at the local elevator, carries it to the mills, and at once it becomes worth all that any bushel of wheat of equal quality is worth; and this added sale value carries back to the Montana farm, and makes not only the wheat but the land itself valuable in a dollars-and-cents way. The carrying charge made by the railroad is only a small part of this added value. The farmer, or the miner, or the lumberman, or the manufacturer—any producer of what other men need—has not finally finished his product until the railroad comes along and sets it down at the side of the consumer. And it is the value which this service rendered by the railroads confers upon the grain or live stock or coal or lumber or clothing that measures the real value of the railroads' services to the producer—not merely that part of this added value which appears as a freight charge against the product shipped.

There is current an idea that the railroads make their own rates. This is another way of saying that they can favor one locality at the expense of another, or that they can favor themselves at the expense of all localities—that they are, and can act as, monopolies, gouging the public as they see fit.

Prosperity Through Service

IT may help to explain the real situation for us to remember that the railroads are not one, but many, and that each one can for the larger part of the year carry more traffic than is offered it by the public, and that it is for that reason alone, if for no other, constantly seeking to build up a market for the one thing it has to sell—transportation—by offering good and cheap service to the public. Further, that each and every railroad has keen competition of one kind or another—rail, water, motor truck—bidding for the business of the same public that it serves, and that in order to keep that business as its own it must supply the public with satisfactory service at a satisfactory price. In other words, it must sell its commodity—transportation—at the lowest figure consistent with prompt and fair service, or else see its business go to its competitors.

The Hands on the Throttle

BUT this is not all, nor nearly all, of the situation. The arms of the State and Federal Governments reach out and control the rate making of the railroads. The States control the rates within their borders. The Inter-State Commerce Commission controls rates on shipments crossing over State lines. And these rates are not made for each railroad as a whole, but rather for all the roads, prosperous and hard-up alike, within a given section of the country. So it happens that the hard-up road cannot set its rates at a paying figure, and the well-to-do road cannot drop its rates where and when it wants to. Rates for a given service within a given area, say the States and the Federal Government, must be equal. The effect of this control is twofold—it takes away from the roads any power they may have had to play favorites as to rates, either to individuals or to communities, and it binds the paying and the non-paying roads together in such fashion that if they all are on a paying basis some of them are exceedingly prosperous, and if the best of them are securing but a fair return, some of them are certain to go bankrupt.

The point I wish to make clear is this If the railroads were the natural monop oly their critics say they are, they coul and would fix their own terms for servic rendered at a paying figure in each an every instance. Neither the natura competition they constantly face nor th laws under which they exist and operat permit them to do this.

It is commonly believed that th Transportation Act gives to the railroad a guaranty of profits.

But Congressman Esch, whose nam appears as one of the co-authors of th measure, says that it is not a guaranty And Senator Cummins, whose name ap pears as the other co-author, says that i is not a guaranty.

What the Transportation Act does d is to allow the railroads to make a fai living—six per cent—if they can!

When the Government Tried the Jo

THE net loss to the public during th period of Government operation o the railroads was in the neighborhood o two billion dollars. When the roads wen back to their owners, there were pendin demands for wage increases amounting t two-thirds of a billion dollars per year This in addition to the losses just men tioned. This in addition to the failur under Government operation to maintai equipment at its pre-war level of condi tion. Something had to be done, and a once, to enable the roads to operate with out collapse.

Rates had to go up in order to mee these extra burdens of labor, mainte nance, and replacement expense. Th Transportation Act did not advance th rates. The act itself said in effect tha for a limited time the roads were entitle to take not to exceed six per cent retur on their capital investment. And th amount of that capital investment wa not the par value of the stocks of eac road, but rather the actual value of th road properties as set by the Inter-Stat Commerce Commission.

So, instead of guaranteeing the rail roads a profit on their business, th Transportation Act *limited* any possibl profit.

And if, after paying operating expense and taxes, there was left a maximum si per cent on the value of the road, an balance left over—

One-half of that surplus was to b taken over by the Government an loaned (not given) to any road tha might be failing to meet current ex penses!

Here is a parallel case: Suppose yo so managed your business as to mak four per cent on your investment for th year. That's all you get! But again suppose that you make eight per cent

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Along comes the Government and says: "John, you've earned two per cent more than what we think is enough. Hand over half of the extra amount."

Would you, conducting the business of running a farm, call that a guaranty of profits? Or a limitation?

Yet that is the "guaranty" that the newspapers still talk about. That is the "assured profits" that the enemies of the roads assert removes them from the struggle to exist that ordinary men and ordinary business ventures are engaged in.

How Would You Like It?

WOULD you like to have such a "guaranty" applied to your business? Could you stay in business with the profits of every fortunate year taken from you and handed over to some one else?

One thing is sure: The business of the Nation, the people who make up the Nation, need the railroads—need the service that they perform. If the railroads are to be so hampered by restrictions that they cannot profitably continue operation, then the people must, for their own business and social protection, take over and operate the roads as a Government enterprise. That is not, primarily, a matter for the roads to determine. They may have opinions about it—very decided opinions!

But it is for the public at large to have the final say as to whether it will or will not undertake the greatest experiment in Socialism, outside the borders of Russia, ever seriously considered by a modern civilized state.

When Youth Does Not Sit on the Sidelines

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

This article is one of a series on the church and the younger generation written as a result of special investigation carried on by Mr. Brown at the request of The Outlook. In this article he tells of churches that believe that youth should be employed in more active work than the mere warming of pews

"Non ministari sed ministare."

IT is a pale truism to state that the Christian Protestant Church is not winning and holding the young men and women to-day. In an article entitled "The College Man and the Church" printed in The Outlook for June 6, 1923, I ventured to suggest that one of the reasons for this divorce was the failure of the church to utilize the young person in its organizational programme. What opportunities of service does the church usually provide for the young person? Ushering, waiting on table, perhaps teaching a Sunday school class. Nearly every deacon I have met had gray hair or none, and few trustees or elders are elected until they have behind them years of substantial financial success. The church appears to be saying to its young members: "You have your Young People's Society; go, play there. The church is ours; you are welcome to worship with us; in fact, we expect you to come, but it is not for you to speak in our councils."

In my reading of the New Testament I do not find a single example of Christ addressing himself upon introduction to a healthy young man with the two questions which religious leaders insist upon asking our young men to-day—"Do you believe thus and so?" "Do you recognize your need for religion?" If I read my Gospels aright, Jesus gave his young friends jobs—"Follow me" to Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, "Go, sell, . . . and give" to the rich young man.

What has the church to say to the young person who in the self-assured vigor of youth declares he has no need for religion? I asked the question of the Episcopalian student pastor at the University of Virginia, and Mr. Powell laughed and said, "I'd give him a job at the mission church our boys maintain five miles up in the Ragged Mountains, where there is no train service. If he has the right stuff in him he'll do it, and, doing it, five miles each way in the winter snows and the spring heat, he may learn more about religion than he would if I talked to him."

Here is a lesson that the church may well apply. "Good music, comfortable pews, pleasant preaching, and yet the young people don't come." Of course not: the one thing that the young man does not want is to be ministered unto; and what else does he get in our churches, what else does he get in college chapels when he attends under compulsion or voluntarily?

Especially since the war—that proving time of youth—there has been a revolt on the part of certain official leaders against this position, and spontaneously have sprung up in widely distant parts of the country experiments in allowing the young person to fill responsible positions in the church. Akin to this movement is the "student church" where the students are in complete control.

A Student Church That Has Not Failed

THE Baptist student pastor at Champaigne, Illinois, Mr. Martin S. Bryant, ministers to the Baptist students in the University of Illinois in a church the membership of which is eighty-five per cent student. The remaining fifteen per cent is largely faculty and their families, but they join, recognizing that it is in truth a "student church." They are welcome as teachers of the Bible study classes, but the officers of the church are entirely students. Before the close of the last academic year a student nominating committee at a regular morning service offered its suggestions for the officers of the following year, and the report of the committee was accepted. To show the completeness of the organization, may I present the list of officers elected?

Four deacons.
Five trustees.
A church clerk.
A church treasurer.
A chairman of ushers.
An assistant director of religious education.
A president of the Baptist Young People's Union.
(All of these were by virtue of their office members of the Church Advisory Board.)
Twelve additional members of the Church Advisory Board.
Sixteen choir members.
An organist.
Twelve members, Executive Council of the B. Y. P. U.
Eighteen members, Board of Ushers and Council on New Men Students.
Twenty-one members, Council on New Women Students.
Four members, Council on Foreign Students.
Six members, Council on Men's Organized Houses.
Seven members, Council on Women's Organized Houses.
Eight members of the orchestra.

Let it be said in explanation that all of these students had been notified that their names were under consideration by the nominating committee and had agreed to accept the responsibilities of the office if elected. Here, indeed, is an

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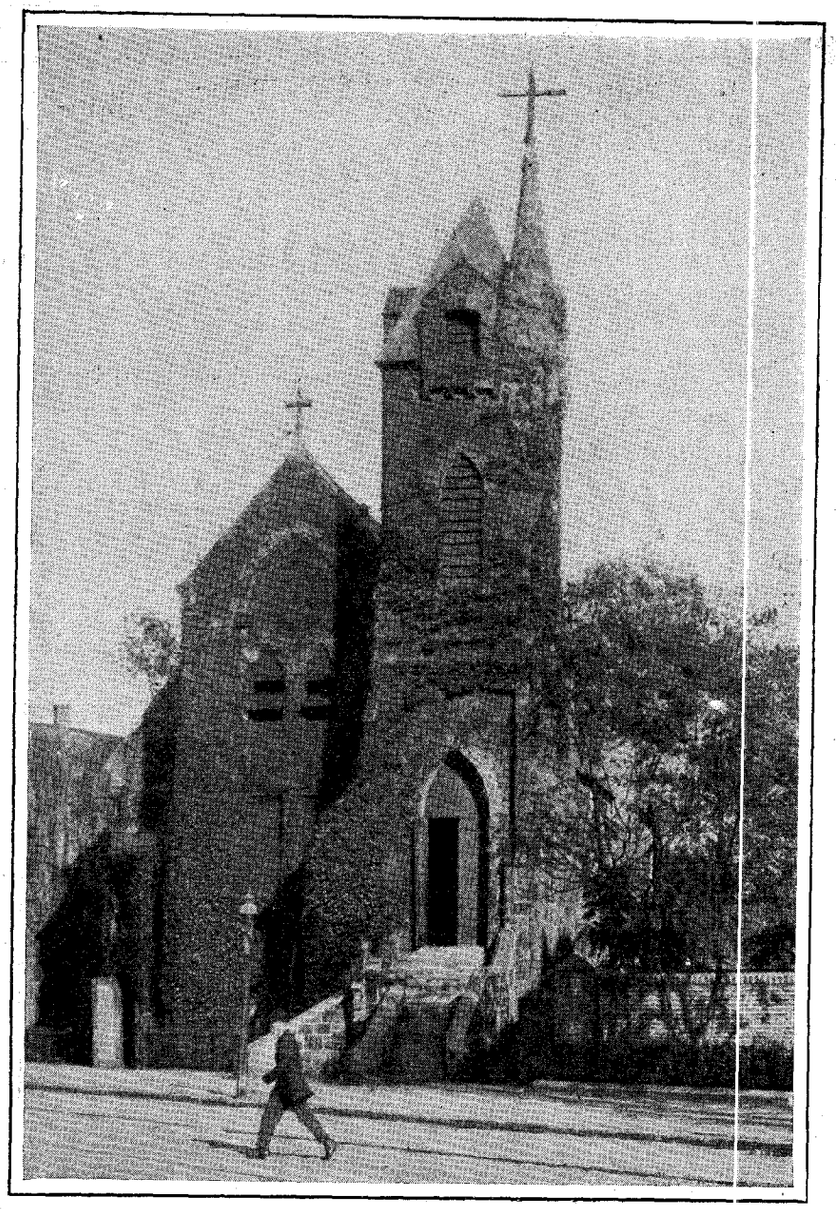

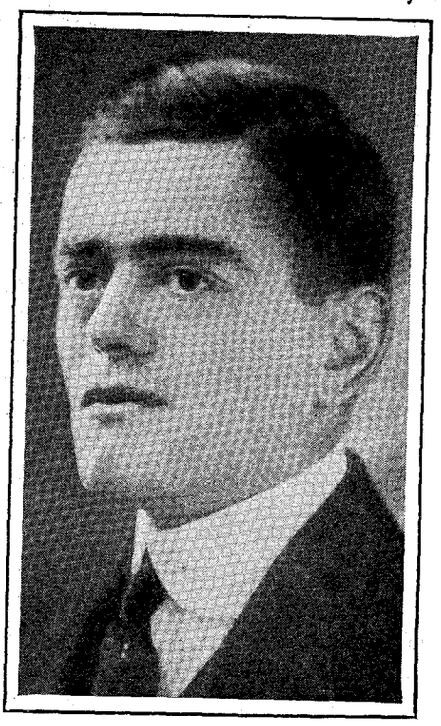

John R. Hart, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia—a student church "the secret of whose success lies in the personality of its rector"

experiment in responsible Christianity, and it is a significant trend of the times that parallels are becoming more frequent.

The Church the Young People Saved

Four years ago the Bishop of the diocese of Philadelphia suggested to John R. Hart, then Episcopalian student secretary of the Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania, that the Chapel of the Transfiguration, which was about to be closed and sold, might offer an opportunity to establish a student church. Mr. Hart caught a vision of what such a church might mean to the students of Pennsylvania as well as the community, and invested some years of his life in bringing that dream to pass. Again, it is strictly a student church, even to the extent that its rector, although an ordained clergyman, is at present registered in the University as a graduate student of psychology. The board of vestrymen is composed entirely of students, each in turn serving as the responsible head of a committee. The chairman of the vestry is a member of the football squad, and was president of the junior class of 1923. The head of the Church Service Committee, the committee which oversees all features of the service and makes all suggestions for changes, is Pennsylvania's track manager and president of the 1924 senior class. The chairman of the Publicity Committee is a 'Varsity end and center-fielder. Another member of the board is the man who led his class with a scholarship average of ninety-five per cent, captained the debating team, and ran the Daily. Mr. Hart's assistant for this year is Pennsylvania's new football coach. I mention these men to dispel any idea that this undertaking is the work of students of the conventional churchly type.

In addition to two morning services on Sunday and Lenten evening services, the church conducts a community center in the adjoining parish house, and plans to open a Sunday school soon for the children of the community, with student teachers and superintendent.

Another activity of which they are proud is the Friday night dance, attended by two or three hundred students. The girls are carefully selected and properly chaperoned, and every endeavor is made to afford the out-of-town student opportunity to make the right kind of friendships.

One does not need to be at the Church of the Transfiguration long to learn the secret of its success. It lies in the personality of its rector, a man who knows student ways and accommodates his programme to them. For example, Mr. Hart has had this past year a Bible class meeting on Wednesday evening from eleven to twelve, that hour when the student has finished his assignments or is returning from an evening engagement. And they come, oftentimes in bath-robes, to study such subjects as comparative religions or comparative denominations.

The memory of my visit to the church is colored by one particular detail. I stood in the back, waiting to meet Mr. Hart, while the congregation passed out and for nearly every student in that throng Mr. Hart had not only a hearty handshake, but the student's name and a word of advice or encouragement for the work he was doing, or possibly a request to do something further. And in response the reply which I heard most frequently was, "I'll do that, Jack."

But "student churches," significant as they are, are of necessity restricted in number and scope. For most communities the problem is not that of a church given over to young people, but the

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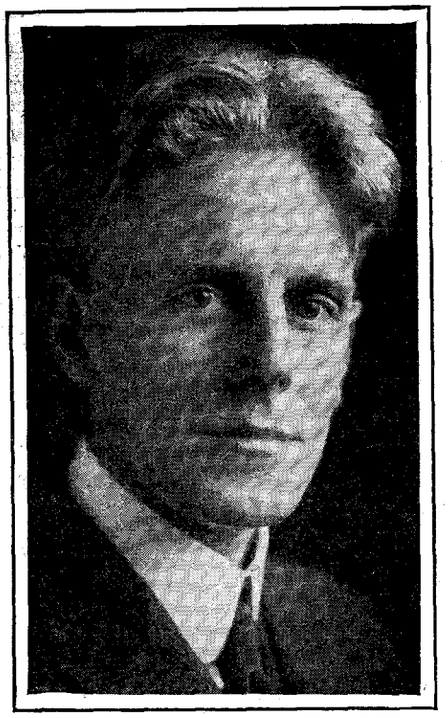

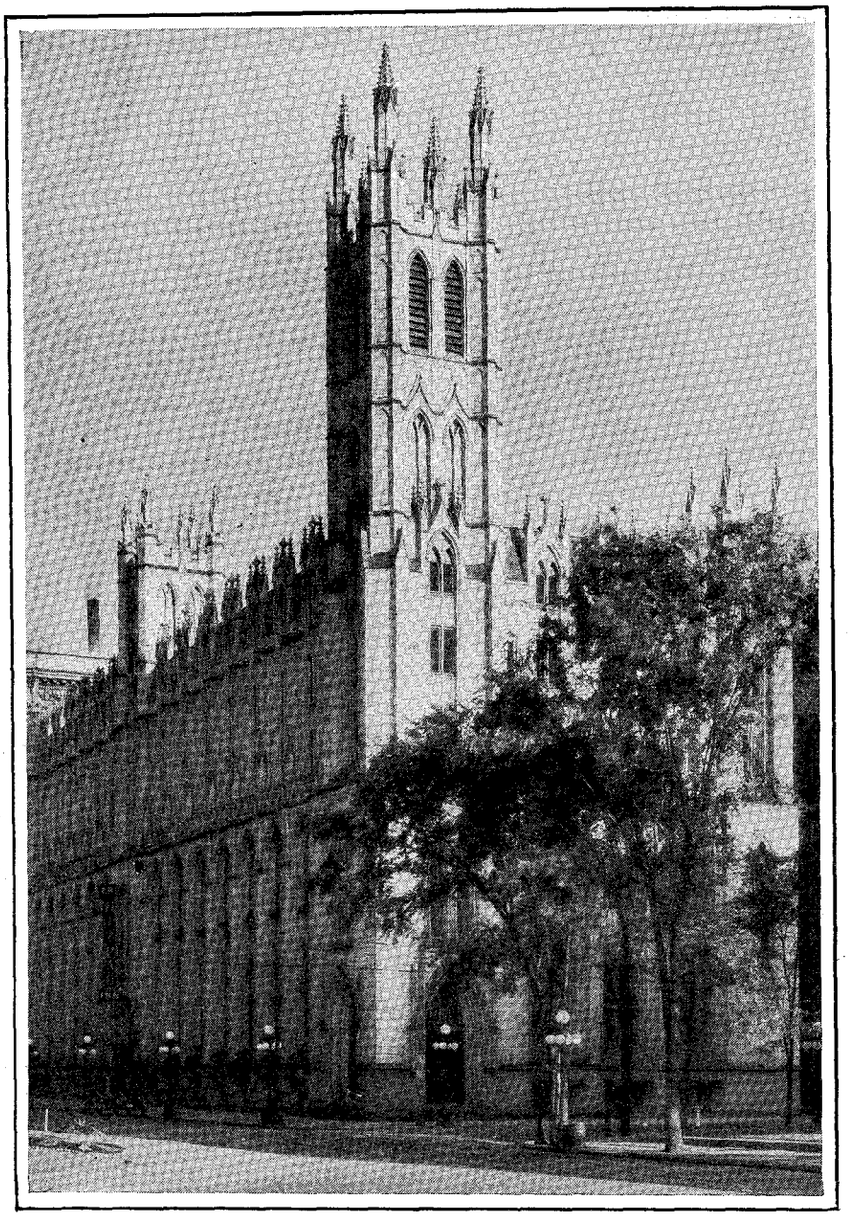

Dr. Bernard Clausen, of Syracuse, New York, and his church—"one of Syracuse's great downtown churches" with "a student church paralleling the organization of the church proper"

assimilation of young people in a well-organized church. An experiment in a "student church" different from those already described is being tried in Syracuse, New York, at the First Baptist Church, one of Syracuse's great downtown churches, under the leadership of Dr. Bernard Clausen. Very occasionally the music and lighting, the prayer and the sermon of a church service are so complementary that a great atmosphere of worship is created, and I felt it to be so on the evening of my visit to the First Baptist Church. The reasonableness and the desirability of religion became very pressing. Mr. Clausen is a preacher who utilizes to the full the dramatic appeal of religion.

The Doors Swing Wide at Syracuse

THEN, in the quiet moments of conversation after the great auditorium was emptied, I saw his face in repose and felt the warmth of his smile. I asked him of his student church, and he told me. Very inadequately has the Church met the college student of Syracuse until a beginning, the results of which are not yet in sight, was made last spring under Mr. Clausen's direction. A student church with complete organization paralleling the organization of the First Baptist Church proper was instituted by students. There was a student board of deacons and deaconesses, a student board of trustees, a student Centurion band, a student treasurer with entire control of student finances, and a student missionary committee. No denominational lines of any sort were drawn. A letter of introduction from any Protestant church was sufficient for membership, and students without previous church affiliations were added upon acknowledgment of their desire to have a part in the aims of the Student Church.

"And those aims are—?" I interrupted.

Mr. Clausen laughed. "I never formulated them. I let the students find them out for themselves from what they saw."

Three hundred students signed when the opportunity was first given in April, 1924, and the future holds promise of many more. Even though such a solution as Dr. Clausen is seeking in Syracuse is not universally applicable, still there is here a genuinely needed lesson if the church will but awaken to it.

The pride of the church is its young people, and yet paternalism is smothering the adventurous young life in the church and warning more away. There is no hesitancy in canvassing the young people for the financial support of the church, and yet how many young people sit on the governing committees of our churches? There is a very old phrase once heard much in this country which seems applicable; it is, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." But a still more emphatic argument for such representation is, How are the young people to gain experience as Christian leaders, how are they to get that vague something called "church sense," unless they are allowed to work for their church in positions which demand their best?

The student needs the church, primarily, perhaps, as a place to worship, but secondarily as an organization in the work of which he may learn some important lessons. One of the great dangers of college education as it exists today is the isolation which it affords the student—academic seclusion we sometimes call it. It has its advantages, to be sure, but also its dangers, for it breeds in the youth an aloofness from the very humanity which he is responsible to serve. In his health he forgets that there is sickness, in his accumulation of knowledge and partial introduction to Mistress Wisdom he forgets that gross ignorance

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still exists, in his comfort he sometimes forgets that others are struggling. A responsible task in the church will help to keep the student-members in contact with the old, the sick, and the poor of the official congregation, and in that way preserve the associations which the college world so often destroys.

The Leader's Job

In the second place, the student needs to have his eyes opened to the pastor's problems. How many so-called radicals to-day recognize the vastness of the educational task of the preacher? Democracy demands a firm foundation of education if it is to be a success. The success of Socialism, if it ever comes, can come only after generations of careful training. The doctrines of our religious radicals, although they may be the axioms of to-morrow, cannot become the axioms of to-day unless yesterday witnessed a period of extensive religious education.

Take an illustration from a kindred field. For the past three years, as all music lovers know, the Harvard Glee Club, under the leadership of Dr. Archibald Davison, has been giving a series of concerts at Symphony Hall, Boston, singing a programme of Palestrina, Bach, Brahms, and Schubert, with soloists such as Madame Hempel, Madame Homer, and Mr. Casals. The unintelligent in his delight may clap his hands and cry, "A miracle!" A miracle? Perhaps, but a miracle long years in working. More than ten years ago Harvard undergraduate sentiment was ready to demand such a leader as Dr. Davison, and in the years since his coming he has been educating the Harvard Glee Club and its supporters gradually away from the simple ditties which it is the wont of college glee clubs to sing to the superb standard of musical achievement which has stirred imitation in similar choral organizations.

The college student comes to see that the intellectual conclusions which may honestly be his cannot be transferred to another without the slow and painful process of education to which he has been subjected. He learns that the minister is preacher and teacher, and as teacher he fails if he does not utilize the lessons of good pedagogy. Too often does the minister cover his intellectual dishonesty with the cloak of pedagogical necessity, and the student is quick to detect the fraud; but that is beside the point. Here are two lessons which the church has to teach young people, and perhaps in the teaching the young person may have something to offer in exchange.

But the number of those who may serve in the church's organizational programme is limited. What of those young men and women who are not fitted for these tasks? The answer is, Offer them other jobs suited to their capabilities. The opportunity comes most easily if there are in the Bible School young men's and young women's classes under alert and intelligent leadership. Whether in town or city, surely there are younger boys for the older boys to help; form boys' clubs, teams, gymnasium classes, and let the young man get genuinely interested in some boy. Don't you think he will find something to challenge his best effort there?

The Challenge to Help

It is not my plea that it is the church's chief function to parcel out jobs to impatient young people, but I do plead for a thoughtful consideration of the principle and the need behind the student churches—the principle and need of affording the young people an opportunity of expressing their Christianity for the sake of the young people and for the sake of the church.

The Changing English Countryside

By Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

A Labor Government in England set the tongues of the world awagging. What do you know of the profound and subtle social change in the rural life of England—a change that goes deeper than any transfer of ministerial power?

One of the most serious problems facing England at the present time is the change which is coming over the life of her countryside. Outwardly, to the visitor returning after several years away all is much the same as ever. The hedgerows are just as trim, the little cottages by the roadside just as engaging, and the gardens just as riotous in color and in form just as inconsequential. It is only when one goes back to some well-known and well-loved place and seeks to enter once again into its life that one finds how busy change has been. It is to feel as Wordsworth felt when, after a lapse of many years, he stood once again on the banks of his beloved Yarrow:

> And is this—Yarrow? This the Stream
> Of which my fancy cherish'd
> So faithfully, a waking dream,
> An image that hath perish'd.

Up at the "Big House," maybe, there is a new owner. To be sure, the Big House seems to have entered upon a period of new prosperity because of it. The lawns are more like velvet than ever; the gates have been newly painted; the old lodge has been thoroughly renovated. But somehow it seems no longer to have any connection with its surroundings. The family which gave its name and influence to so much, whose arms are still engraved on the signboard which swings over the village inn, is no more, and in its place is a new family, from nowhere. The old squire, hard hit by the war, after a valiant effort, at last gave way, sold his house and lands to one whom the war had greatly favored, said good-by to a host of old friends, and vanished from the scene of so much history. What Christopher Hussey, in a recent able article on the subject, says of the old landowner of a century or more ago was, in a measure, true of so many recently vanished landowners throughout the English countryside. "He was," says Mr. Hussey, "the local father; he felt a proprietary interest in the welfare of every one of his dependents, as he did in the prosperity of his land. He felt responsible for the care of his folk; his mind and his time were in a great measure devoted to their welfare and to the administration of justice, his judgments being rather those of a father than a magistrate. That his rents might be equitable, he superintended, with his steward, the farming of his tenants, and not infrequently, in the later days of agricultural reform, he was the local initiator of improved methods."

The new landowner is none of these things. Indeed, in most cases he owns no land beyond that which actually goes with the Big House. The rest of the great estate has been broken up. Some of it has been bought in under heavy mortgage by old tenants; but, however disposed of, it has no longer any one center of gravity, and in a curious, subtle way the life in the village reflects the changed condition. The village inn has been sold to a trust and a manager has replaced the old-time landlord, and the village store is filled with the products of the town rather than the countryside

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"The little cottages by the roadside are just as engaging and the gardens just as riotous in color"

Indeed, this shifting of the center of gravity of thought from the village to the town is characteristic of the situation. As one writer has well put it, the equipment, mental and utilitarian, of the countryman now is town-made. The squire is no longer the embodiment of his estate. The peasantry largely subsist on the products of the towns, and to an increasing extent the great country houses find it satisfactory to deal with the great London stores.

Then there is the rapidly increasing army of people who do little more than spend their nights and week-ends in the country, but whose serious interests, whose "daily walk and conversation," are spent in the town. With ever cheaper motor cars and ever better roads, the number of people who regard the countryside merely as a place for recreation is steadily on the increase.

All of which would not have greatly mattered if the old traditions of the countryside had not been invaded so drastically before something had been ready to take their place. Changes of course will come, and there is no use trying to kick against the pricks of change, but the view of those in England who realize the far-reaching nature of the changes is that something should be done to stem the tide, and that not so much by buttressing up the old system as by inculcating a wider understanding of the value, the beauty, and the culture of a real country life.

The rapidity with which the turnover is being made constitutes its chief difficulty. To quote Mr. Hussey again, a great firm of auctioneers who transact perhaps a quarter of this particular kind of business have sold since 1918 no less than 1,416,271 acres—an area between the size of Norfolk and Lincolnshire. The transfer of capital represented by this amount is £22,306,164. In 1918 that firm disposed of 44 important country seats; in 1919, of 52; in 1920, of 23; in 1921, of 19; in 1922, of 35, not including sporting properties in Scotland, and no account is taken of hundreds of lesser houses. Assuming that this represents a fourth part of the total transfer, about 600 capital seats have changed hands and a total acreage exceeding 5,500,000 acres, representing a total transfer of £89,000,000 and an area exceeding that of Wales and Cheshire combined.

In spite of the comparatively sudden and rather overwhelming nature of the problem involved, it is being tackled with vigor and effect in certain quarters, chiefly by the recently formed Village Clubs Association. This Association, which has the support of the Board of Agriculture and the Associated Chambers of Commerce, aims at establishing in every village throughout the country a club or institute which shall be a real center for the social life of the village and surrounding district. Each club is "free from patronage, open to all irrespective of sex, religious, class, or political distinctions, with the entire control vested in a committee elected by its members or those chosen by them." Each institute thus formed may become affiliated with the Association, and so enjoy many privileges, educational and recreational, which a great co-operative effort would render possible. The ideal club has a large central recreation-room, with a stage, if possible, and smaller reading-rooms for men and women. Lectures, study courses, motion pictures, are provided, while each club has its recreation fields for football and cricket and other forms of outdoor sport. In this way a well-founded co-operative life is being made to take the place of the old patriarchal régime which is so rapidly passing away.

Those who know and love "the England of the ages" can hardly fail to feel a pang of regret at the passing. But it is, after all, of course only "the regret of growing up." Every age has had a similar laying off. Nearly two hundred years ago Oliver Goldsmith was writing his "Deserted Village." The Squire and the Squire's Lady and the Big House will always be cherished as one of England's many blessed memories; but the new order that is arising must ultimately make for a more genuine progress. As one of the pamphlets of the Village Clubs Association well points out, "the foundation of all schemes should be reliance upon the communal spirit, so that everything that is attempted would not be imposed from the top, but be built up from the bottom."

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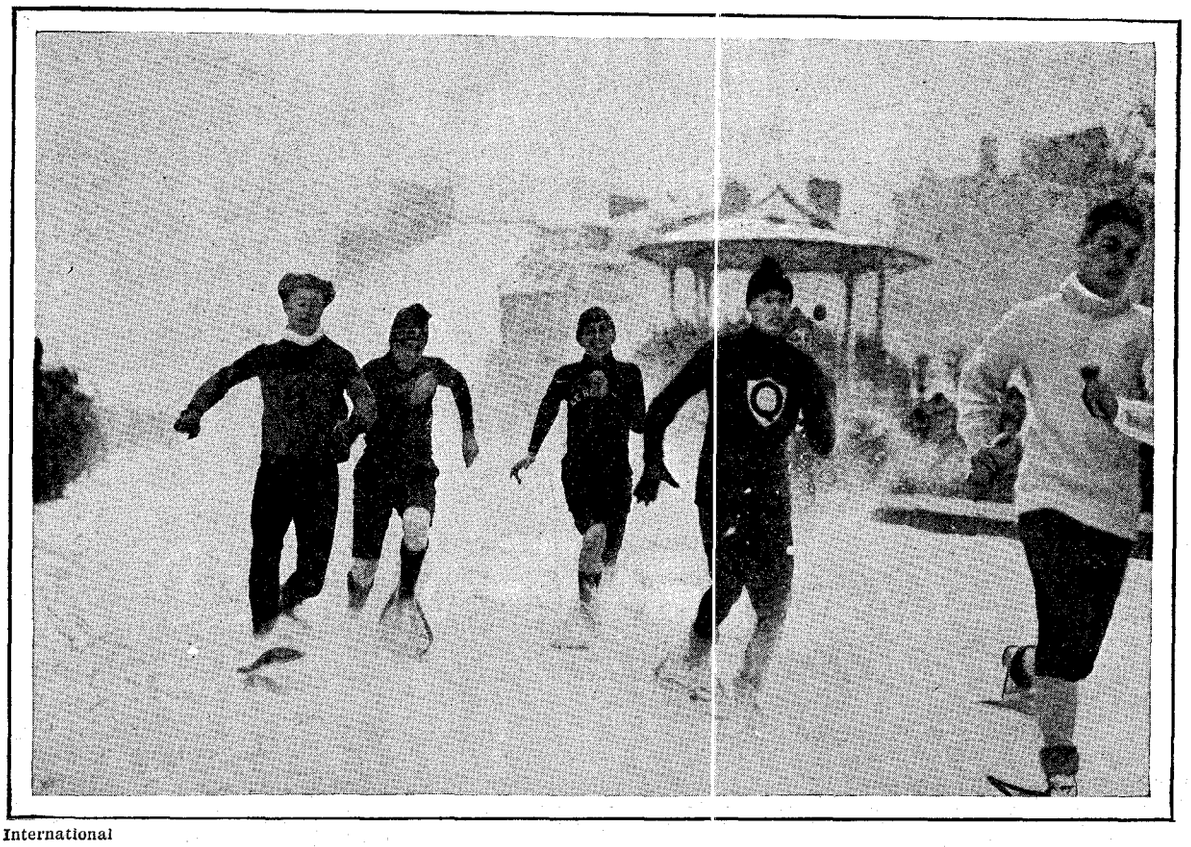
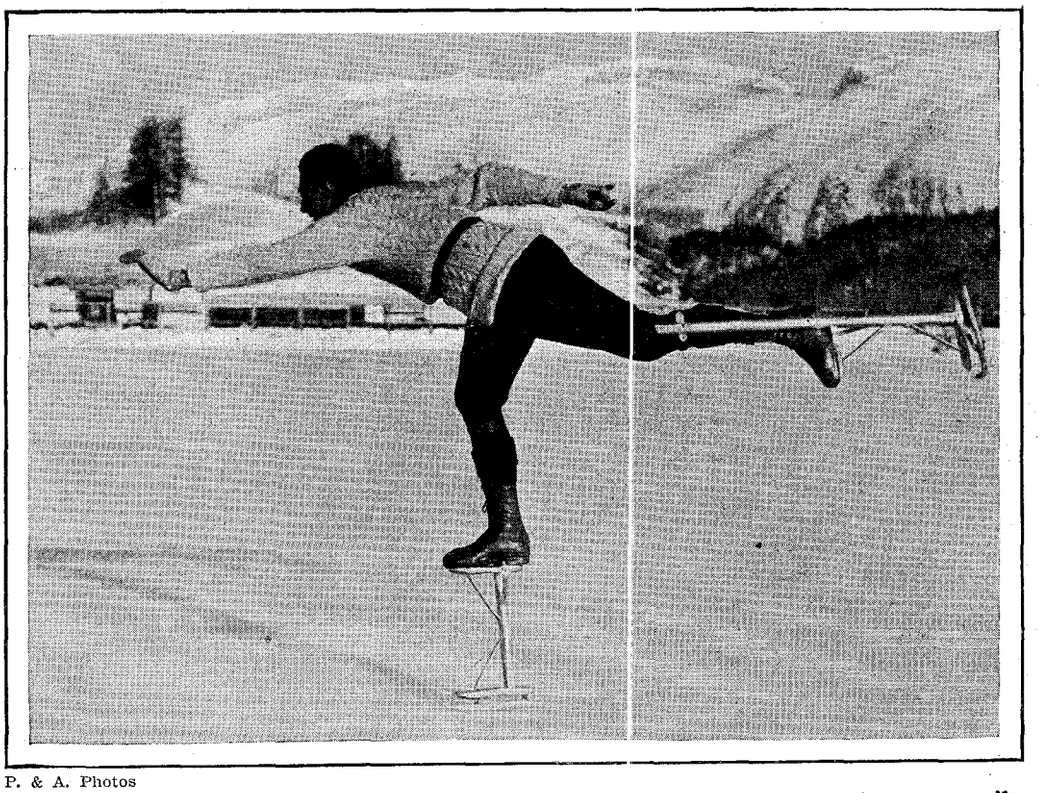
Ankle Testers



International

At Quebec, the 100-yard snowshoe race on Dufferin Terrace—the contestants nearing the finish



P. & A. Photos

At St. Moritz, Switzerland, a novel exhibition of fancy skating—a skater on stilts

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Felix! You Show 'Em!

By GEORGE WITTEN

A confidence gang goes after easy money and meets its Waterloo

THE Jaxtown "Journal," which comes from the press every Wednesday and Saturday, assumed the appearance of a metropolitan daily. Two spreads adorned its front page. One proclaimed a fact already known to every one in Jaxtown and vicinity, which was that the Enterprise Woolen Mills would that day distribute a million and a half dollars bonus among its employees. The other told in equally blatant type that the Excelsior Film Corporation had declared a nine per cent dividend on its common stock; the reason given being that the Excelsior's first picture, "A Maiden's Mistake," had, according to the news story, scored a whirlwind success in New York and other large cities, and was to be seen that night at the local theater.

Men and women of Jaxtown talked of little else besides the bonus and the dividend. The little factory town was rife with good will and generosity. The stores were doing a volume of business. Mingling with the crowds that filled the streets were bootleggers and salesmen of all sorts. The most ardent of these were Kershaw and Pierce—special representatives of Excelsior Films. They were busy impressing upon the people the fact that the road to independence lay through investment in Excelsior shares, of which there were just "a few" left.

Some of the people in Jaxtown owned Excelsior shares, and these proudly displayed their dividend checks to their fellow-workmen. Among them was machinist Felix Kent, an agitator, who constantly bewailed to the mill workers the oppression they lived under. Felix held the greatest number of shares and was loudest in his acclaims of Excelsior stock. It is true that the dividend checks were post-dated three days, but Felix and the salesmen readily explained that this was done simply for the convenience of the banks, which had to have time to meet such a big demand as the dividend called for.

Joshua Brown, Vice-President and legal adviser of the Enterprise Mills, learned of the stock-selling campaign, and became alarmed for the workmen. He determined to take steps to stop it. How could he reach the people in a mass and warn them? He read the news item again. The picture would be shown at the local theater that night. Yes, that would be the place to find most of the employees. He hurried to the theater manager's office and told him what he wanted to do.

"Certainly, Mr. Brown, I shall be glad to let you speak to the audience," said the manager. "I have promised Mr. Kershaw, of the Excelsior Film Corporation, that he can speak on the picture we're showing to-night, but I will ask him to wait and let you talk first."

"No, let him go ahead. I want to hear what he has to say. It's on this stock-selling scheme of his that I wish to talk."

The manager became alarmed. He knew that Kershaw and Pierce, aided by Felix Kent, were planning to set forth the fine points of Excelsior stock. Joshua Brown's coming told him that something was amiss. He leased the theater from the Enterprise Corporation. The lease expired in a few weeks, and he wanted a renewal, and feared that his part in the stock selling might prevent it. If Mr Brown wished it, he would stop the Ex celsior people from talking at all. But Mr. Brown didn't wish them stopped—he wanted to hear what they had to say.

Kershaw talked long, loudly, and emphatically on the virtues of Excelsior, its officers, and its purposes. Excelsior was going to build a Hollywood on Long Island, and those who got in on the ground floor would all become wealthy. To-night was the last chance to buy Excelsior stock; to-morrow the books would be closed.

"This is your opportunity, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Pierce and I have come here to-night to give you a chance to start on the road to independence." Kershaw swung his arms wide and spread out his hands, as if bestowing a benediction on them. Felix Kent and Pierce carried a table to the center of the stage, then brought chairs, and the representatives of Excelsior prepared to sell the "last" of Excelsior shares.

"Come right forward, people!" called Kershaw. "Please form a line to the right. This will only take a few minutes. Have your money ready, and remember this is your last chance."

There was a murmur of suppressed excitement among the audience. Men and women rose to their feet and started, half hesitant, toward the stage.

"I'm going to be first," yelled Felix, waving his bonus check in the air, and then slapping it down on the table. The bonus had been paid late that afternoon, after the banks had closed.

"Just a moment," came the deep, even voice of Joshua Brown from the left of the stage. "I have a few words to say."

There was a sudden surprised silence. Every one stood still and looked toward the speaker. A look of alarm came into the faces of Kershaw and Pierce. They peered furtively about them, as if hunting an avenue of escape. Brown was watching them closely, and knew then that he had been right, and that he was justified in stopping the sale of the stock.

"We have heard what these men have to say about Excelsior Films. I do not say that one word they have stated is untrue, but they are strangers to us, and it is only good, common sense that we make an investigation of their proposition before giving them our money. If Excelsior is sound, they will not object to our making inquiries; and if there is Excelsior stock to be bought to-night, there should be for some time to come. This stock is not listed on the market, and is only being sold through agents, such as we have with us to-night.

"I want you to wait and give us time to make an investigation before you invest. To-morrow we will look into the proposition and give you an unbiased report. This is only a"—

"To-morrow will be too late to buy any of this stock," broke in Kershaw. "The Corporation has reserved a certain amount for us to sell here, and if we don't sell it to-night we can't sell it at all." Kershaw had found his courage again, and was now thundering out to the audience. "We welcome an investigation," he yelled, "but we can't extend the time limit on the sale of this stock, which is in demand, just because some uninformed person is suspicious. Excelsior is making good money; they have already paid a large dividend, and to-night you have seen a picture produced by them. Now, if you want this stock come and take it. You're all grown men and women, and have a right to do as you please with your own money."

The insolent tones of Kershaw angered Brown, and he stepped forward to the edge of the stage. "I warn you," he thundered, "not to buy this stock. This bonus has been given to you to use for buying things for your happiness and comfort, and not to be thrown away on wild schemes."

"Listen to that!" yelled Felix Kent, standing beside the stock salesmen. "He

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comes here and talks to us like we're kids! We earned this money, and we can do as we please with it." He was shrieking now. "He doesn't want us to buy this stock! Why? Because he doesn't want us to become independent. He and the likes of him want to keep us poor, so's we have to work for them. They buy stock, that's why they're rich, and don't have to work. We have to work for them." He ranted up and down, shaking his fist toward Brown.

"Good for you, Felix! You tell 'em!" "We ain't kids, we're men!" "We've earned this money, an' we'll do as we damn please with it!" came from various parts of the house. They were all on their feet now, waving their checks and crowding toward the stock salesmen. Brown saw that further argument would be likely to lead to serious trouble and would not help the situation, so he quietly withdrew, while the bonus checks piled up on the table.

When the bank opened the next morning, Kershaw and Pierce were on hand to cash the bundle of checks they had gathered in the night before. But a surprise awaited them.

"Payment on all bonus checks of Enterprise Mills has been stopped," calmly stated the paying teller.

The salesmen fumed and threatened, but the teller merely smiled. Felix Kent heard of it, and soon spread the news among the mill workers, who quit their machines and gathered about in groups, declaring a general strike until the checks should be honored.

In their anger they turned toward Felix for leadership, and he in turn sought Kershaw and Pierce, but those gentlemen had again become alarmed and had taken a train for New York.

The next issue of the Jaxtown "Journal" contained a full-page spread which told of the arrest of Kershaw and Pierce with several others of a gang of swindlers. The story was a full report of the activities of Excelsior Films and its officers, most of whom had already served time for defrauding the public. The corporation had no assets. It had never made a picture—the one shown in Jaxtown had been bought from a pile of old stock and had had the titles changed. Investigation showed that the dividend checks were a fraud, and that the Film Corporation had no funds in the bank on which they were drawn.

When the flurry had passed off and the bookkeepers of the Mills had had time to straighten out the bonus account, a new issue of bonus checks was made, but Felix Kent was not on hand to draw his.

The Book Table

Among the New Novels

By R. D. Townsend

PROBABLY "The Quaint Companions" [1] will not be as widely read as Mr. Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" and others of his novels which have the note of gayety. But in workmanship and in reserve power it is exceedingly fine. There is not a page that is superfluous; one might almost say that there is not a line that is not needed. The subject requires delicate and at the same time strong handling. The novel centers at first around the marriage of a famous Negro tenor to a middle-class, rather common Englishwoman; and, in its latter part, around the love of the son of this unhappy and disastrous marriage for a white Englishwoman, who, without seeing him, loves his spiritual nature because of his poems that she has read. She is a cripple. A long correspondence endears the two mystically to each other. What happens when the Negro poet mistakes the cripple's beautiful sister for her and when the cripple finds that the man she loves is a Negro forms the crux of the whole book.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in an agreeable Introduction, says that Merrick has been accused of not finishing this novel, but that really he has finished here one novel and written half of another. So Mr. Wells, not content with this, puts himself in the author's place and finishes the story as he thinks it ought to be finished. An analysis of the way in which Mr. Merrick handled this matter and the way in which Mr. Wells would have handled it shows the difference between the two writers.

For our part, we immensely prefer Mr. Merrick's conclusion.

As a story of quick action, stirring incident, and impending tragedy Mrs. Steel's new book [2] is the best of the many books she has written about India, with the one exception of her early tale of the Great Mutiny. The author believes in firm British rule and distrusts the natives as in the mass superstitious, cruel, and treacherous. The cult of nonresistance, co-operation between the natives and their rulers, and the like, seem to her inconsiderable and not representative.

Mrs. Steel would probably cordially indorse the young British judge in Mr. E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India," who is asked why he could not be more pleasant and replies: "Why be pleasant? We are here to do justice and hold the country for England!"

Taken together, Mrs. Steel's and Mr. Forster's novels on India help one to understand its people and problems by giving dissimilar but not necessarily opposing views. Neither is optimistic; Mr. Forster goes deeper in race psychology; Mrs. Steel is vivid in picturing fanaticism and superstition. As a dramatic and strange tale about the evil practices of those who would follow the Bolshevist toast—quoted by Mrs. Steel from Bakunin—"To the destruction of all law and order and the unchaining of evil passions," "The Law of the Threshold" is thrilling and moving.

Mr. Oppenheim turns in his new book [3] from melodrama and tries his hand successfully at humor. Taken as extravaganza, as is intended, the story is capital. Given two simple and rich bachelors who know nothing of the world but counting-house, markets, and chop-house, and have them urged in a letter from their dead father to go out into the world and spend, spend, spend—not give, for they already do that—and very queer and funny things may happen. One is that whenever they try to get rid of money fortune throws it back at them—even when they back a musical comedy. We like Stephen and George Henry immensely; they carry themselves with dignity and are shrewd as well as good-hearted.

"The Seven Sleepers" [4] is the most exciting plot-story of the season. The English hero, once a captain, now a hardware drummer, steadily, even a bit stolidly, goes through dangers that might well unnerve a Sherlock Holmes. The agents of the Seven Sleepers under the orders of the diabolical Professor Kreuzemark are always at the point of killing him by tor-

[1] The Quaint Companions. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.90.

[2] The Law of the Threshold. By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

[3] The Inevitable Millionaires. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

[4] The Seven Sleepers. By Francis Beeding. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

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ture, and he is always escaping. The plot concerns a new German conspiracy to conquer the world under the command of a general famous in the Great War. Sensational as it is, the story is well told.

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

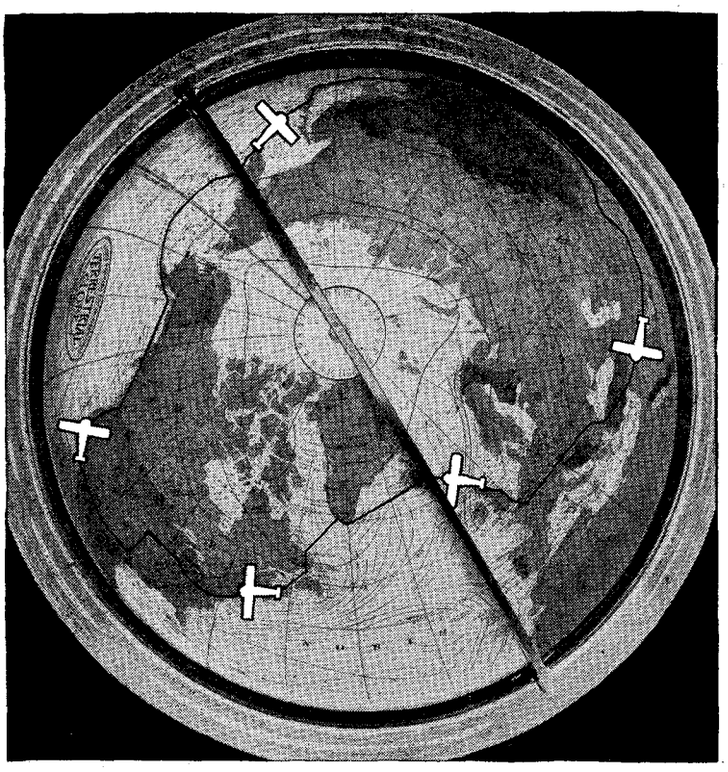
THACKERAY AND HIS DAUGHTER: THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, WITH MANY NEW LETTERS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Edited by Hester Thackeray Ritchie. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

Thackeray's domestic life, ideally happy for four short years, was tragically broken up after the birth of his second daughter by the mental illness of his young wife, from which she never recovered, though she outlived her husband by thirty-one years, dying in 1894, at the age of seventy-six. As soon as he could, he re-established a home for his two little girls—the beloved Anny and Minny of these tender, fatherly, humorous, captivating letters—and they became his pride and consolation. He wrote of Anne when she was but nine: "I am afraid very much she is going to be a man of genius; I would far sooner have her an amiable and affectionate woman. But little Minny will be that, please God."

Both grew to be women of unusual graces, gifts, and charm. Both married men of character and distinction: Anne, rather late in life, her cousin Richmond Ritchie; Minny, while still young, Mr. Leslie Stephen. The father did not live to rejoice in their married happiness. But the "man of genius" published her first novel in April, 1863. At a luncheon party Mrs. Kemble told Thackeray that people were beginning to say that his daughter stood next to him as a writer; he replied, proudly, using a word to which Tennyson too was wont to resort in moments of emotional stress, "Yes, and it tears my guts out!" On Christmas Eve of that same year he died.

Hester Thackeray Ritchie, Anne Thackeray's daughter, in an admirable, discreet, and delightful selection of family letters has presented a picture more complete than has heretofore been available of her grandfather's home life, following it with the record of the lovely and beneficent life of her mother, rich in love and friendships. Not one letter or fragment is included which was not worth including.

It is a book not easy to review formally. It is so informal, so charming; the letters of father and daughter are so full of better things than brilliance; they are so humanly lovable. From the first page to the last one is in company not only so high and wise and famous and



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clever, but so simple-hearted and kindly and friendly, that one's instinct is neither to criticise nor commend the book, but rather to flutter over the fascinating leaves as one might a precious packet of letters from one's own ancestral attic, and do no more than suggest, "Let me read you this bit," or "Here's something you're sure to appreciate," or "Here's where she tells about"—Tennyson—the Brownings—Herbert Spencer—George Eliot—Henry James—or whatever other famous friend of the Thackeray family one will.

"Last night I enjoyed myself immensely at the Richmonds'," wrote Anne Ritchie in 1889; "Henry James was there, and the Andrew Langs, who told me, of all people in the world, that Becky Sharp is still alive, at least Miss Tizzy Revis, who was supposed to be Becky, is, and she is no less a person than the Countess de la Torre, and her cats are in the police court." Tizzy Revis—what a name! Not Becky's own is better for a Becky. Tizzy Revis and her cats; as our English friends are wont to exclaim, How priceless!

Lady Ritchie lived through the Great War. She was "bombed out of her sleep;" she was anxious for friends and relatives. As there were Dickenses in the field, so also there were Thackerays and Ritchies. To an officer in Mesopotamia she wrote: "I know it would greatly touch my father that at such a time and under such circumstances you should find rest in the good company of his books. I remember he told me that when Sebastopol fell, a Vanity Fair pierced by a bullet was picked up in one of the barrack rooms, and now after fifty years the story is heroically repeated." She was a woman of a gallant cheerful, steadfast spirit, enjoying life with relish, making light of ill health facing sorrow, age, death, with clear and quiet eyes.

"Who says, 'Youth's a stuff will not endure'?" she wrote at eighty-three. "It lasts as long as we do, and is older than age. For those moments of eager life of seeing and being, come back to us and we babble of green fields and live among them to the very end."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

RACE PREJUDICE. By Jean Finot. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

The republication of M. Finot's impassioned protest against all prejudice based on supposed racial superiority will seem timely and desirable to many. And it is valuable as a skeptical antidote to unwarranted scientific dogmatism. Unfortunately, it needs to be accepted with as large a dose of salt as any one of the works or theories against which it is

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directed. In the course of man's long and hard struggle for truth theories rise and clash and fall, but to make this perennial conflict an excuse for sweeping aside the entire problem involved at any one point or moment is even more futile than to accept any theory as final. The question of race, as opposed to that of nationality, has come to stay with us for a while, because humanity has reached a stage in its development where it must break through the too confining limits of nationalism, and because the leap from its present position to that of a globe-embracing humanism is too large. To the unbiased study of this question M. Finot has contributed little or nothing.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS: DIZAIN DES DIVERSIONS. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Cabell presents this book as "Epilogue" to "the Biography," by which name he now reverently sums up all of his previous work. It appears that his score of books have been built upon a profound plan which is now completed. It appears also that there can have been no plan, since (the main theme of this discourse) "the literary artist plays: and the sole end of his endeavor is to divert himself." Or does he plan to play and play by plan? And why, in any case, must the playboy ask us to regard his antics with so much solemnity? But of course we are supposed to be shocked, and to look at the shocker, therefore, with big eyes. The fact is, some of us find a trace of genius in this writer at his best—call it work or play—and cannot be diverted from our pleasure therein by his somewhat tedious insistence on being oh, so naughty with his little symbols and gestures and double meanings.

Notes on New Books

A WOMAN OF FIFTY. By Rheta Childe Dorr. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $2.50.

Autobiography of an American newspaper woman in America, with chapters on the suffrage campaigns here and in England, and about her experiences in Europe during the Great War.

SKIING, WITH A CHAPTER ON SNOWSHOEING. By Ornulf Poulsen. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

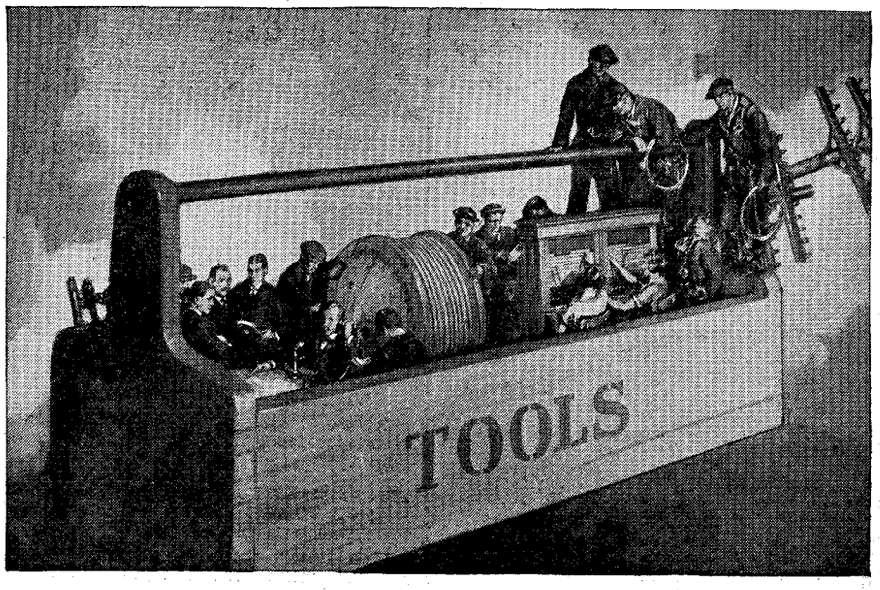
The technique and history of a great winter sport, by a Norwegian expert.

FANTASIES AND IMPROMPTUS. By James Agate. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Essays by a dramatic critic, upon the theater, upon Sarah Bernhardt, upon travel and sport.

MONOGATARI. Selected and Edited by Don C. Seitz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Tales from the history and literature of Japan, including such famous stories as that of "The Forty-seven Ronins," together with others of more recent times. Mitford's



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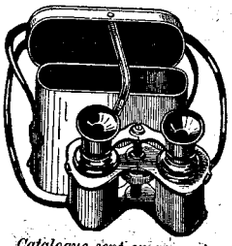

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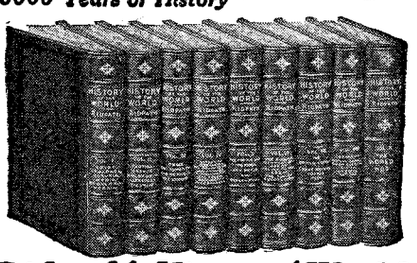

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THE BOOK OF THE RANKS AND DIGNITIES OF BRITISH SOCIETY. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

The introductory note by Clement Shorter discusses the question of authorship, and whether Charles Lamb may be considered to have been the author. It is a quaint and pleasing little book, now presented in delightful *format*.

GERMANY IN TRANSITION. By Herbert Kraus. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

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THE CHILD HEALTH LIBRARY. Edited by John C. Gebhart. Robert K. Haas, Inc., New York.

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THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, 1721-1921. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The Prime Ministers from Sir Robert Walpole to Mr. Lloyd George, with a supplementary chapter on Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. MacDonald. This book was first published in 1922.

IN AN UNKNOWN LAND. By Thomas Gann. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

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STRENUOUS AMERICANS. By R. F. Dibble. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Second edition of a book first published in 1923. Essays on Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Frances E. Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, and Mark Hanna.

NORTH AMERICA. By L. Rodwell Jones and P. W. Bryan. The Dial Press, Inc., New York. $5.

Historical, economic, and regional geography, by two English authors, lecturers in geography in English universities.

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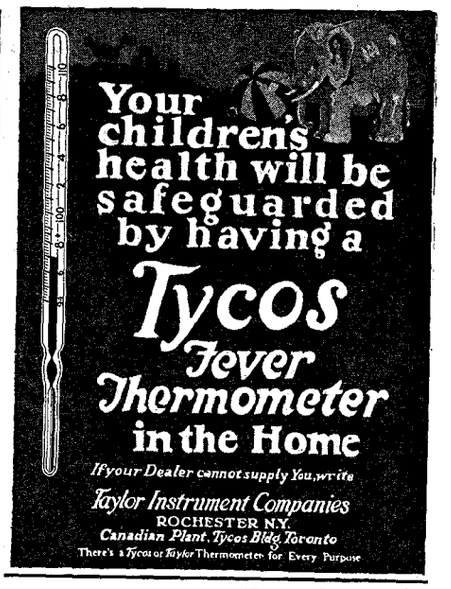
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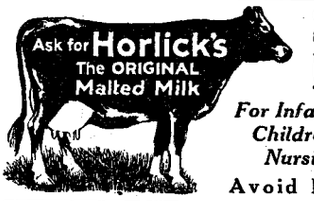

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CAMP assistant for small boys' camp; maturity and judgment rather than experience required. Master with following from boys' school preferred. References. 5,707, Outlook.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or *money refunded. Excellent* opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

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GENERAL assistant to mother; servants kept. American woman, educated, traveled. 5,715, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, reliable. Highly recommended. Elementary teaching, languages. 5,714, Outlook.

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NEW England woman as housekeeper. Competent. Available February 1. 5,713, Outlook.

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IMAGINATION developed. Each lesson, one dollar. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, *307 Second Ave., New York. Aids* are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

AMERICAN NEGROES NEED competent leaders in business. Aid is needed to establish a chair of *business administration for training* competent Negro students. Address President Adams, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED—Adoption home in Connecticut for Jack, 9; exceptionally bright, well-behaved, sturdy New England ancestry. 5,711, Outlook.

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WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

By the Way

THE centenary of the locomotive will be celebrated this year at Darlington, England, September 27. On that date in 1825 George Stephenson's "Locomotion No. 1," weighing seven tons, made its first trip, pulling twelve cars of coal, one passenger car, and several trucks. A man preceded the train on horseback to clear the way! This locomotive has been preserved, and it is proposed to send it under its own steam over the same route traversed in 1825.

From "Tit-Bits:"

A little girl answered the telephone, and was surprised to hear her father's voice. She burst into tears. "What's the matter, darling?" asked her mother. "Oh, mummy," she sobbed, "how shall we get poor daddy out of that little hole?"

A naturalist tells in an English paper the following remarkable bird story:

A few years ago I saw that plucky little falcon, the merlin, do rather a wonderful thing. It was caught in a noose, which was around one of its legs. For a time the bird struggled frantically, pulling at the string, which had only the effect of tightening it. When it got over the first fright of being caught it stood still, looked long at its leg, lifting the latter up and examining it from all angles. Then it began carefully to pull at the knot, and found that by doing this the string became loose. It kept on carefully enlarging the noose, and eventually, when the opening was big enough, it stepped out.

From "Rutgers Chanticleer:"

Irate Father (to son whom he has caught smoking)—"Smoking, hey?"

Son (nonchalantly)—"No, sir, tobacco."

"A traveler asked an Australian," says the "Type Metal Magazine" in recalling a well-known story, "if there were many Scotchmen in his country. 'Yes,' was the Australian's reply, 'but our worst pest is rabbits.'" In taking up the Scotchman's cause the "T. M. Magazine" recounts some of his achievements:

He has given to the world two of its finest dogs, the Collie and the Terrier, and one of its finest draught horses, the Clydesdale.

He has given to the world two of its best games, golf and curling.

The world's best love song, probably—"Annie Laurie"—is Scotch.

Good roads were developed by two Scotchmen, Macadam and Telford.

Two of the greatest inventions in the world's history, the steam-engine and the telephone, were developed by men of Scotch birth, James Watt and Alexander Graham Bell.

From "Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern:"

"Why should Jack Dempsey be world's champion?"

"Well, who's got a better right?"

From the "Oregon Owl:"

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And sheet-iron trousers wore,
They lived in peace;
For then a crease
Would last ten years or more.

In those old days
They had the craze
For cast-iron shirts—and wore 'em!
And there was bliss
Enough in this—
The laundry never tore 'em.

An appeal that should have touched the heart of even the hardiest dog-stealer was printed in a New York paper a day or two before Christmas:

$250 reward for return of "Fritzy Boy," prize Airedale, pet of Briarcliff Manor children, disappeared Sunday. Return of dog before Christmas would make many happy. Phone ——, etc.

A Michigan subscriber sends us two advertisements, one from a recent issue of his home-town paper, the other a treasure from his scrap-book. The first:

Wanted—Middle-aged lady to help work in private boarding house; must be neat and jolly; no Christian whatever; must speak good English. Don't call at meal time.

The second:

TO THE PUBLIC

The reason why I have hitherto been able to do painting so much cheaper than anybody else is because I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children.

'Tis now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn, as I am about to be married. You will therefore do well to send in your orders at once for the old rate.

A subscriber copies from an old scrap-book the following conundrum, credited to "Moore's Rural New Yorker:"

I have no head, yet from my lips
Flow words of wondrous weight;
I mark the course of mighty ships
And guide affairs of state.
Darkness pursues my winding track,
Yet nothing gives more light.
You'll find me when you answer back,
If this you read aright.

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